

FLICKERING LIGHTS





FLICKERING LIGHTS

WRITTEN BY JASON PELL

ART BY EMILIO UTREDA

EDITED BY JOHN MACLEOD

PRODUCED BY MIKE TENER

PUBLISHED BY BAD BUG. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. FLICKERING LIGHTS IS TRADEMARKED AND PROTECTED BY ITS CREATOR. NO PORTION OF THIS PUBLICATION MAY BE REPRODUCED OR TRANSMITTED, IN ANY FORM OR BY ANY MEANS, WITHOUT THE EXPRESS WRITTEN PERMISSION OF THE CREATORS. NAMES, CHARACTERS, PLACES, AND INCIDENTS FEATURED IN THIS PUBLICATION EITHER ARE THE PRODUCT OF THE AUTHOR'S IMAGINATIONS OR ARE USED FICTITIOUSLY. ANY RESEMBLANCE TO ACTUAL PERSONS, LIVING OR DEAD, EVENTS, INSTITUTIONS, OR LOCALES, WITHOUT SATIRIC INTENT, IS COINCIDENTAL ONLY. PRINTED IN THE U.S.

OUTPOST B 34. PLANET: KAVAN: ONE OF THE FURTHEST PLANETS FROM EARTH SPACE.

JORD?

YOU'RE STILL IN HERE?

HUH?
YEAH. I'M JUST WORKING.

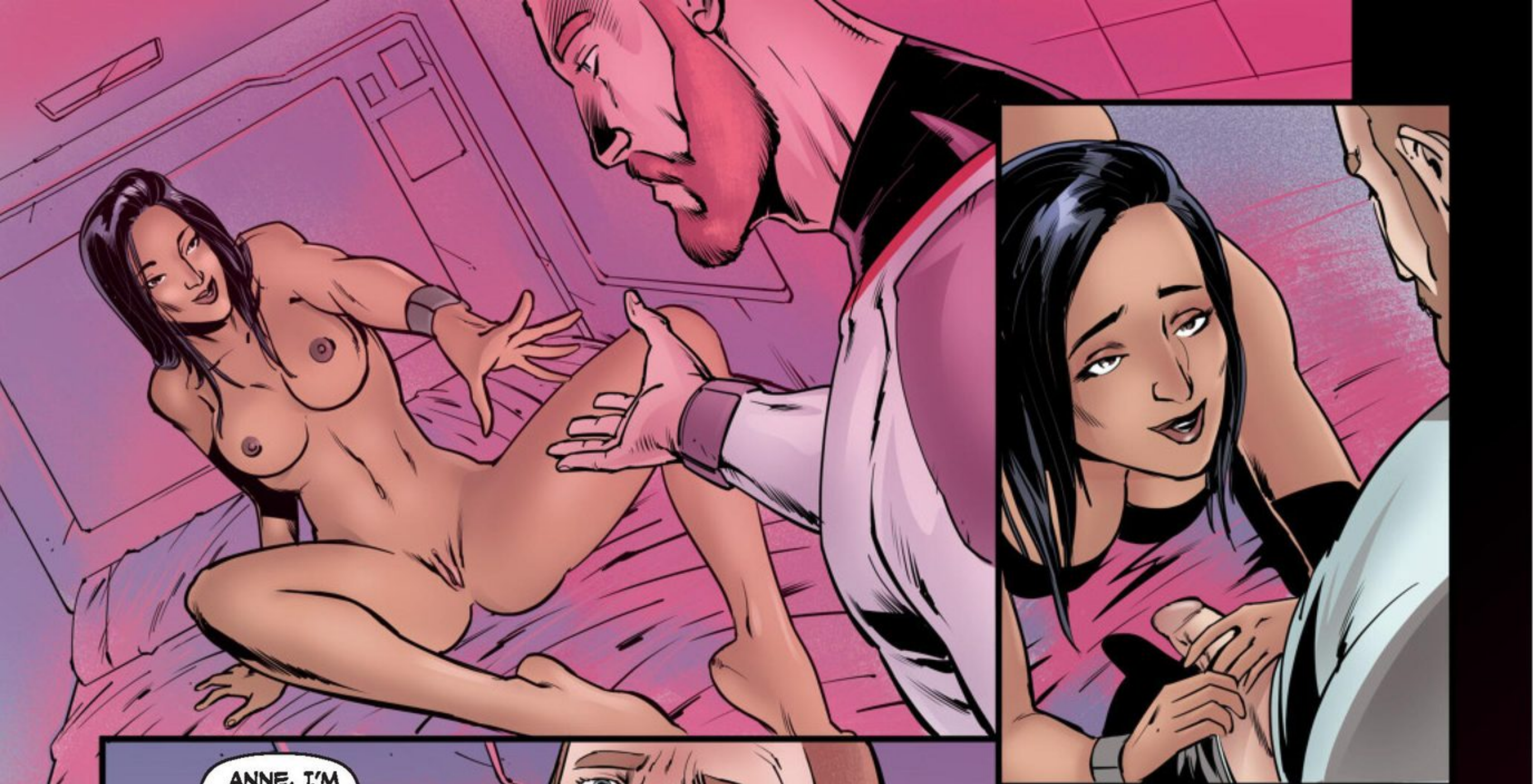
STARING AT THE SCREEN WON'T FIX ANYTHING. FACE IT, JORDAN, SOME THINGS YOU CAN'T CHANGE.

THE COMS WILL COME ON AGAIN, AND EVERYTHING **BAD**...WILL BE IN THE PAST.

COME.

SEARCHING FOR SIGNAL
...

IT'S ONLY BEEN A FEW WEEKS. CONTACT WITH EARTH WILL RETURN.



ANNE, I'M
NOT SURE...
I CAN.

I'VE
BEEN SO...
STRESSED.



IT'S
OK. I'M
HERE.

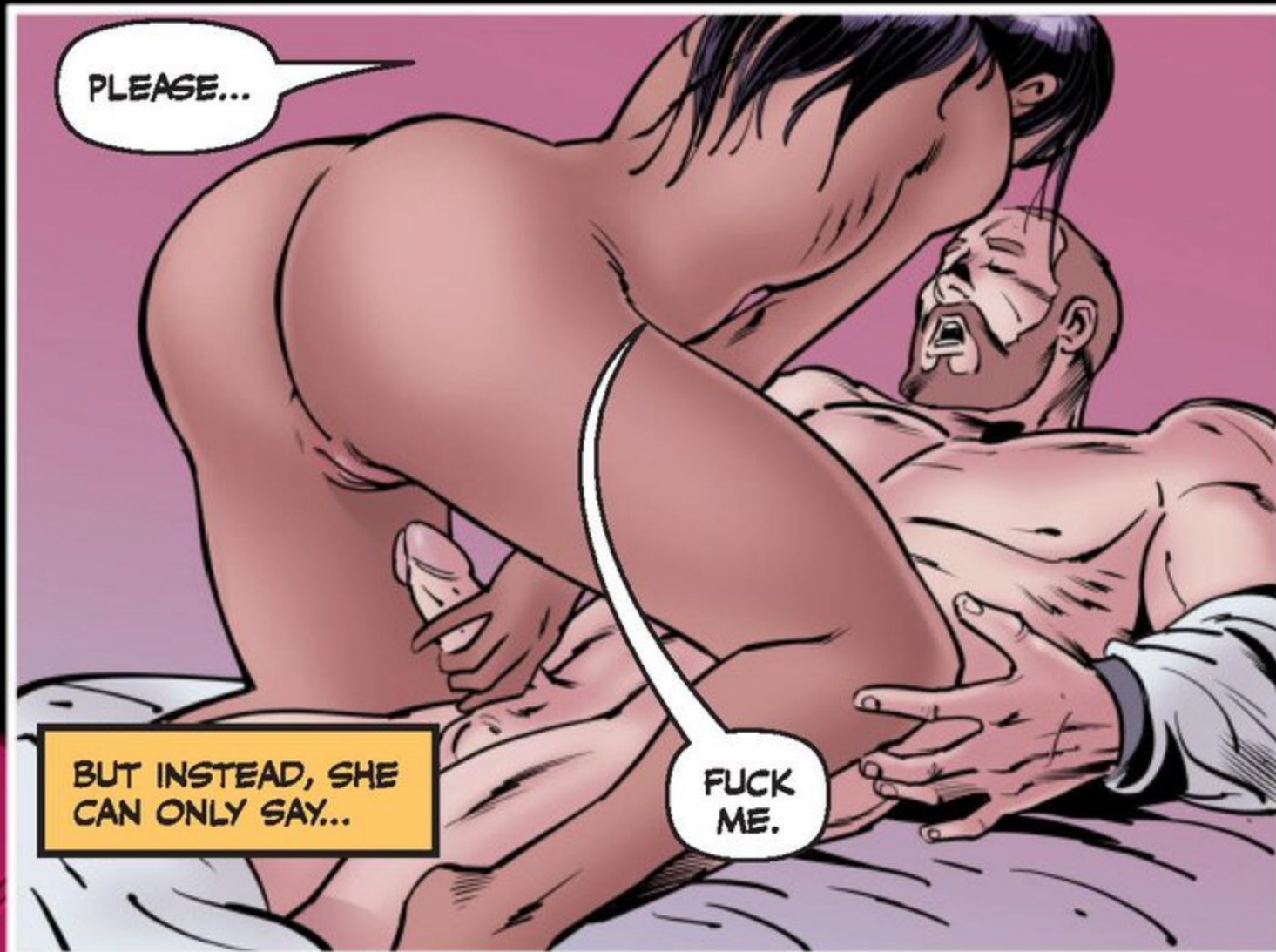


MMMMM!



PLEASE...

SHE STARTS TO SAY "LOVE ME."



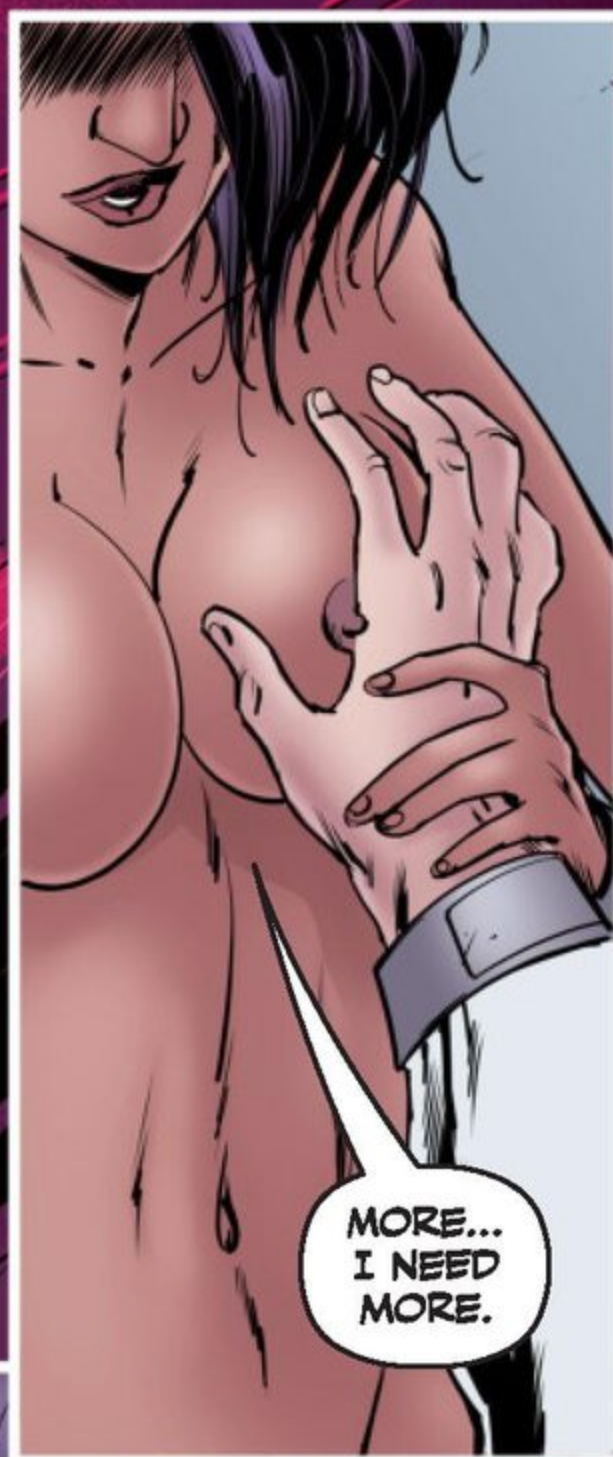
PLEASE...

BUT INSTEAD, SHE CAN ONLY SAY...

FUCK ME.



OOHH!!



MORE...
I NEED
MORE.



MORE...



Y-Y-Y-
YES!!



WHAT?
DON'T YOU
WANT TO SEE
IF YOU
CAN?

NOT
RIGHT NOW,
I JUST
CAN'T.



JORD,
ARE WE
OK?

STOP. YOU
KEEP ASKING
THAT. YES,
WE'RE FINE.

BUT THE
WAY YOU KEEP
ASKING...IT JUST
PUTS ME OFF.



I DON'T
MEAN TO UPSET
YOU. I JUST LOVE
YOU *SO MUCH*.



I KNOW.
I FEEL THE SAME.
ANYWAY...I'D
BEST GO.



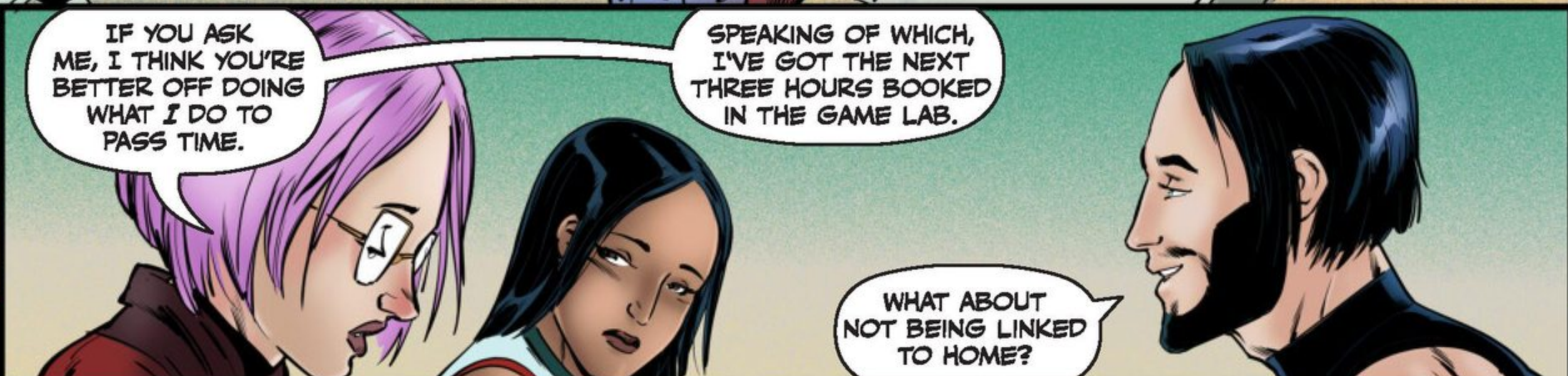
YOU CAN
FIND ME IN THE
MONITOR ROOM
AGAIN IF YOU
NEED ME.



WHAT DO YOU THINK?

EH, GIVE HIM TIME. WE'RE ALL EXPERIENCING ANXIETY THIS FAR OUT, AND NOW, WITH NO WORD FROM HOME...

...WE MIGHT AS WELL BE THE LAST LIVING THINGS IN THE UNIVERSE.



IF YOU ASK ME, I THINK YOU'RE BETTER OFF DOING WHAT I DO TO PASS TIME.

SPEAKING OF WHICH, I'VE GOT THE NEXT THREE HOURS BOOKED IN THE GAME LAB.

WHAT ABOUT NOT BEING LINKED TO HOME?



NOT ALL GAMES NEED OTHER PLAYERS, JAY. THE BEST ONES USUALLY DON'T.

SEE YOU TWO LATER!



YEAH... MAYBE I SHOULD.

SEE YOU SOON, ANNE. IT'LL WORK OUT. ONE WAY OR ANOTHER, THINGS CONTINUE.

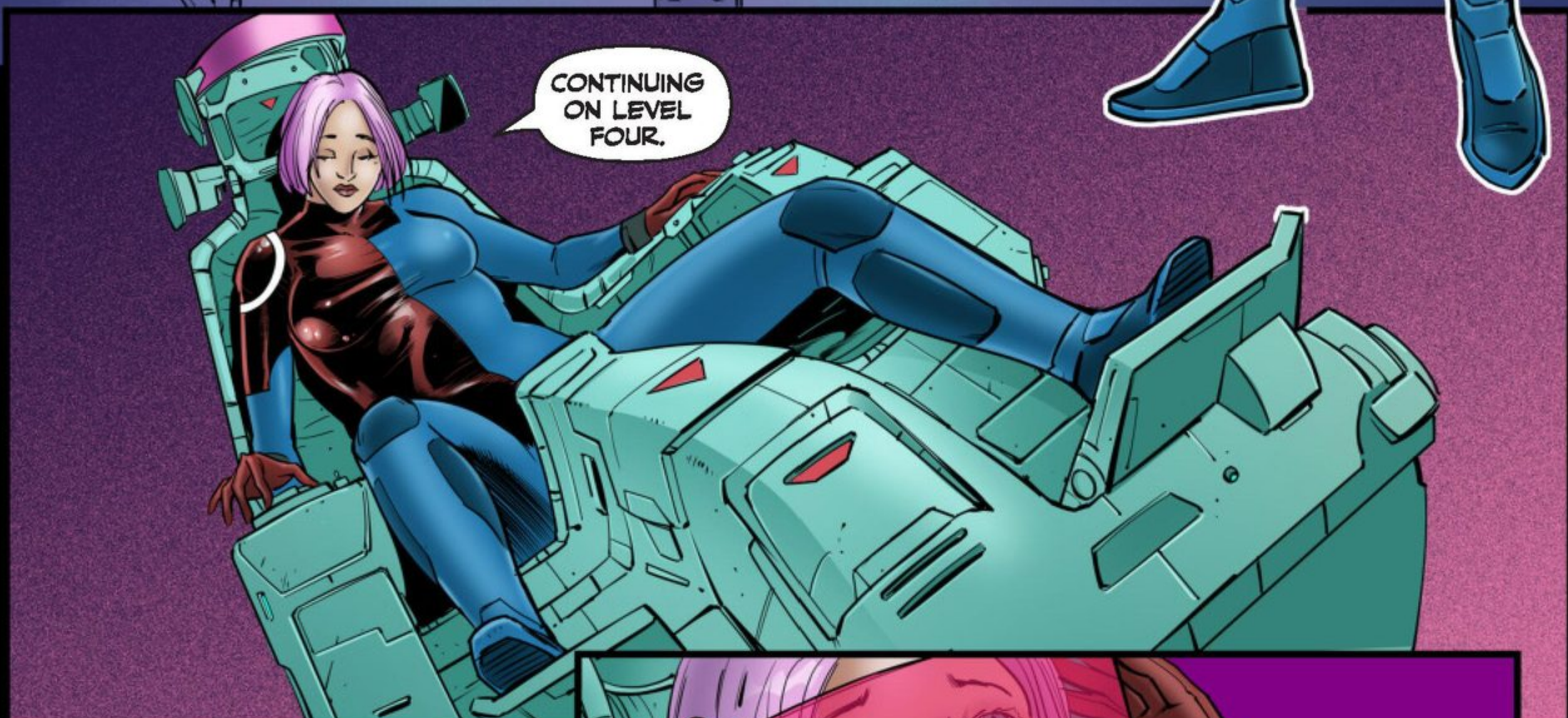
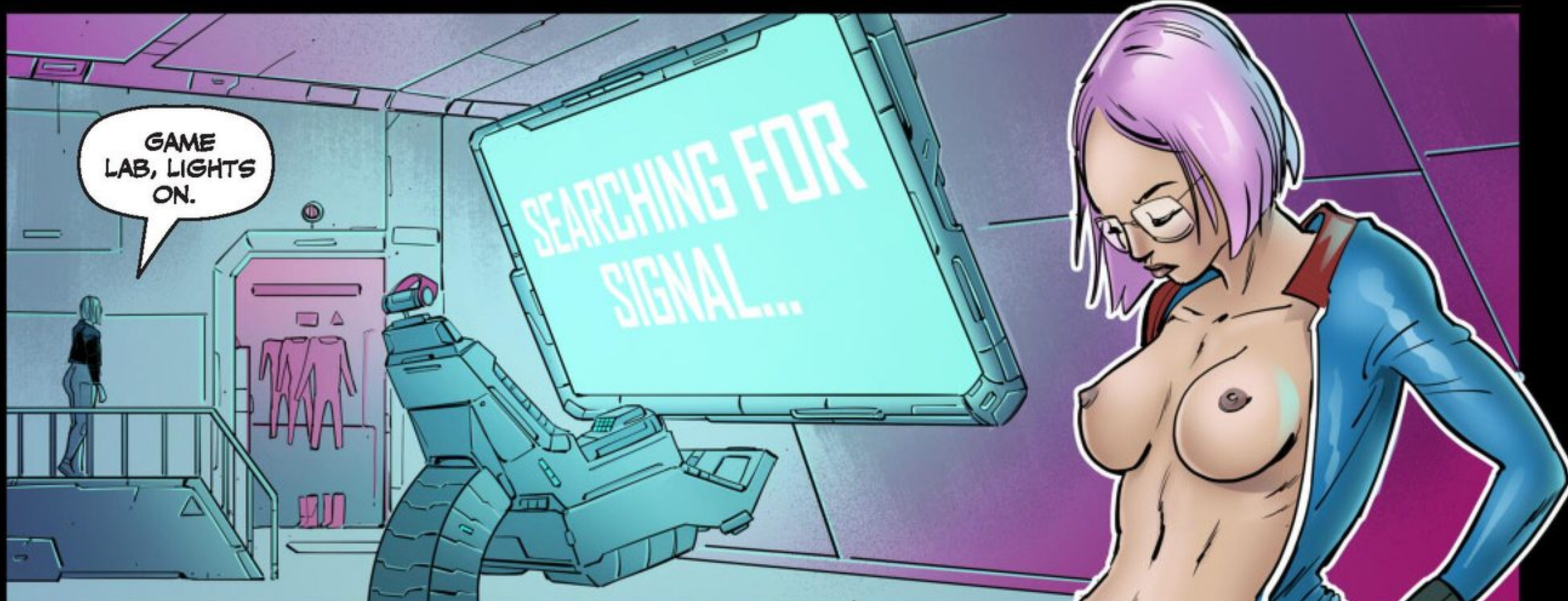


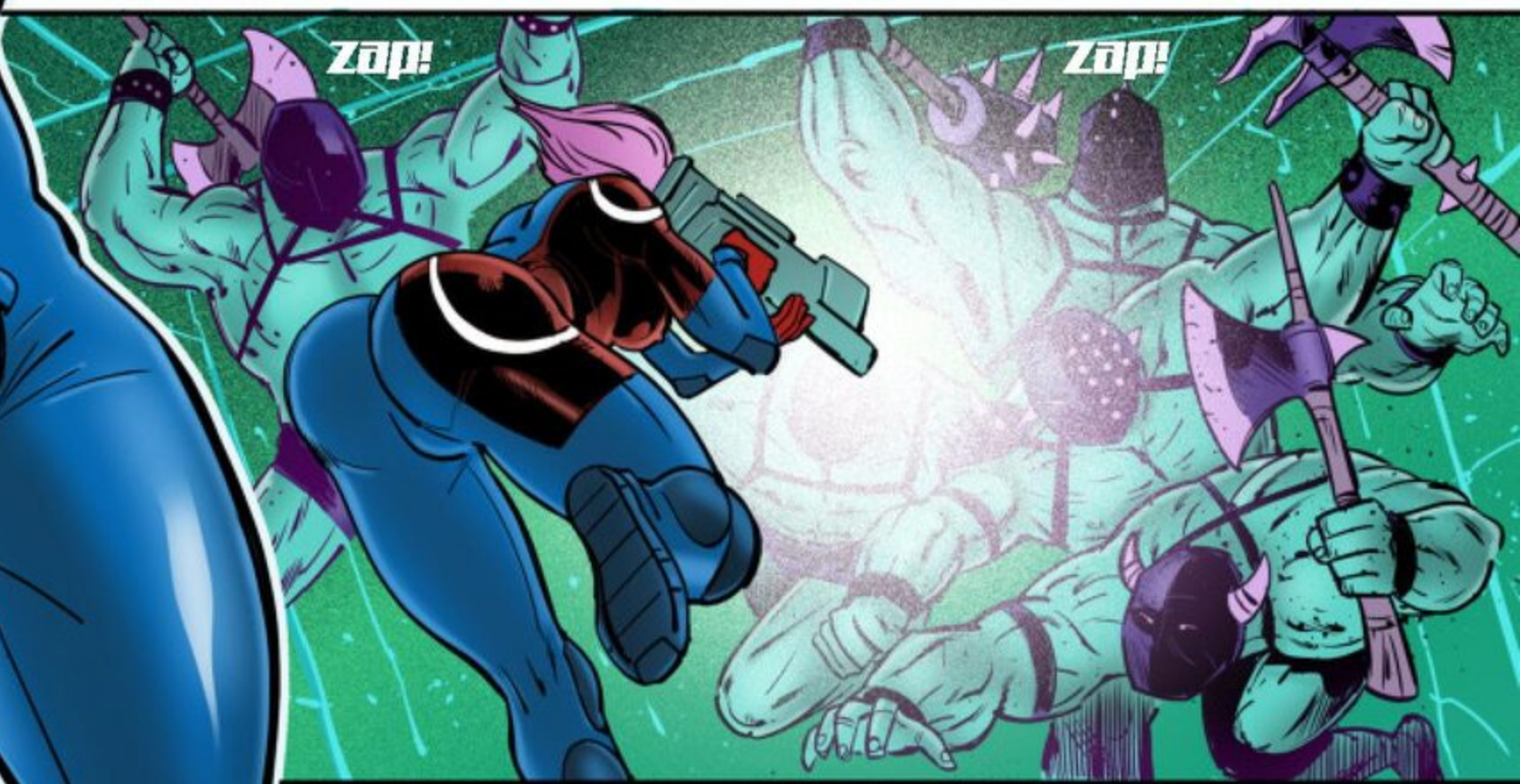
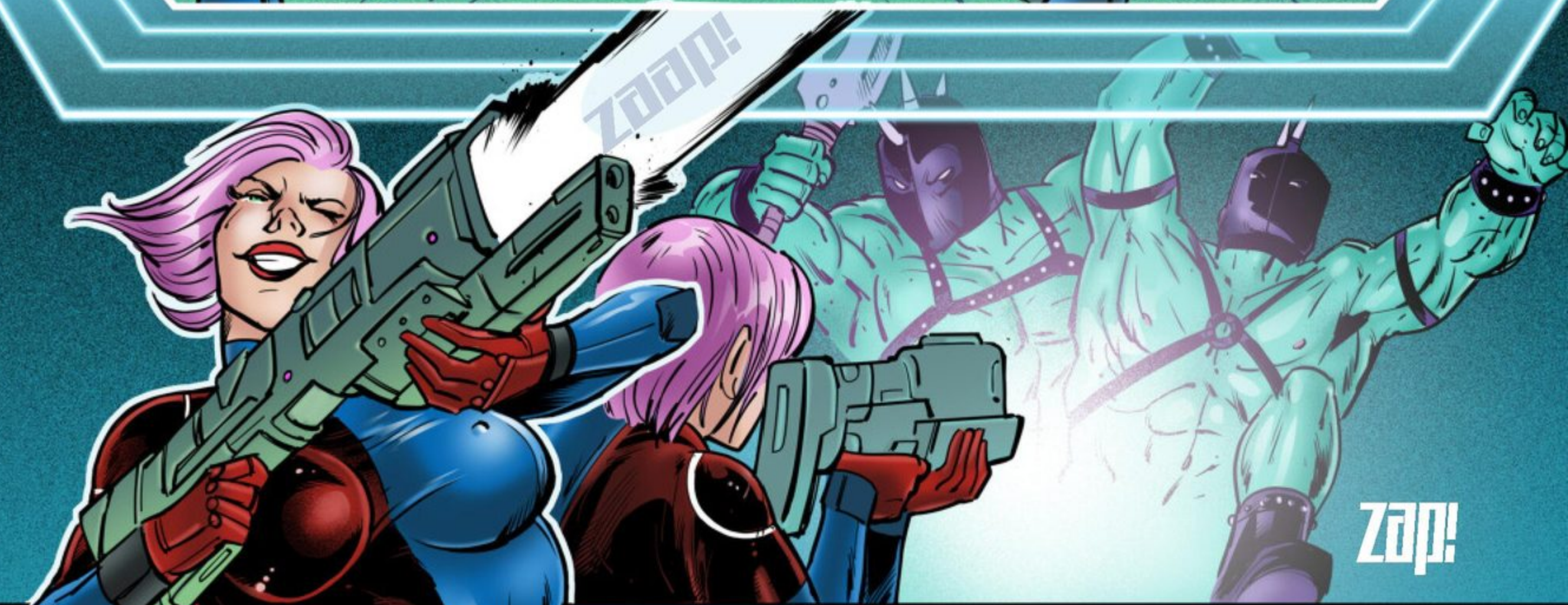
I GUESS I SHOULD BE GOING TOO.

I'VE GOT ANOTHER APPOINTMENT WITH DR. KISKOLI. YOU EVER THINK OF DOING THAT?

TALKING TO HIM ABOUT YOU AND JORDAN?



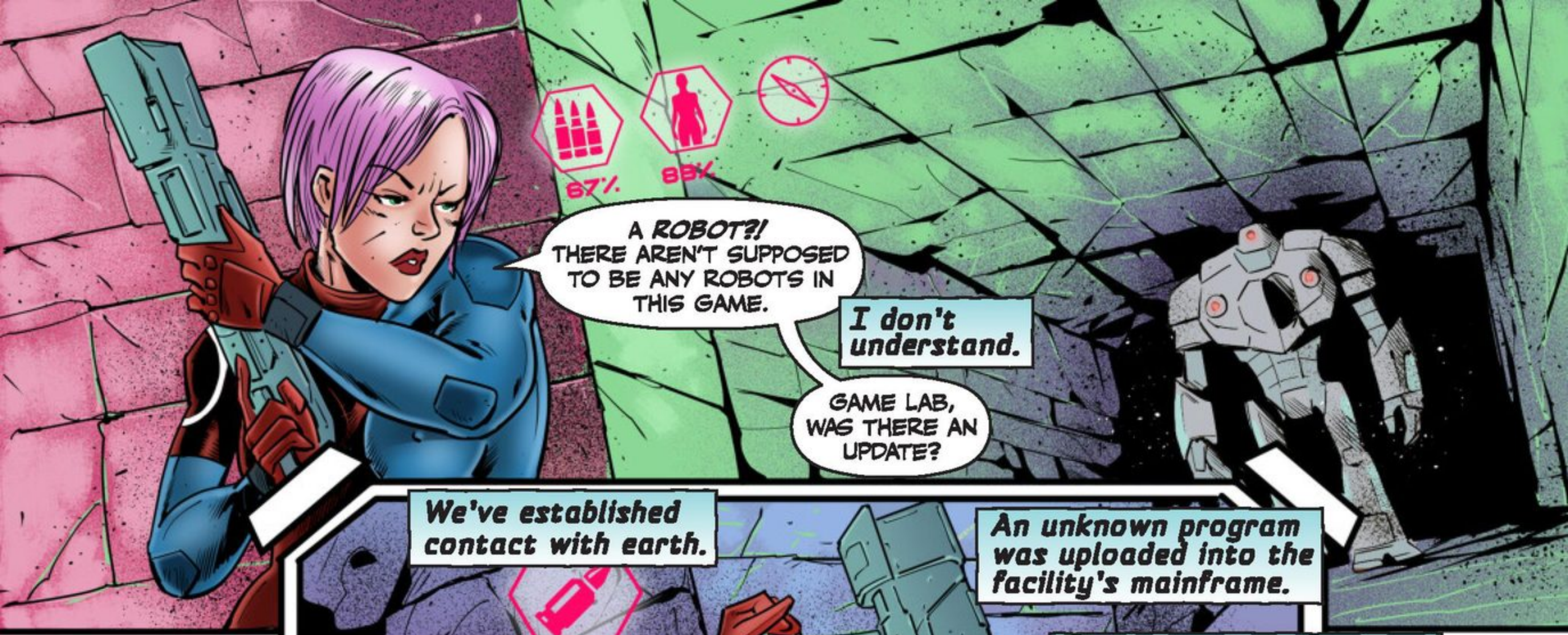




LEVEL 35

YOU HAVE PROGRESSED TO THE NEXT STAGE!





A ROBOT?!
THERE AREN'T SUPPOSED
TO BE ANY ROBOTS IN
THIS GAME.

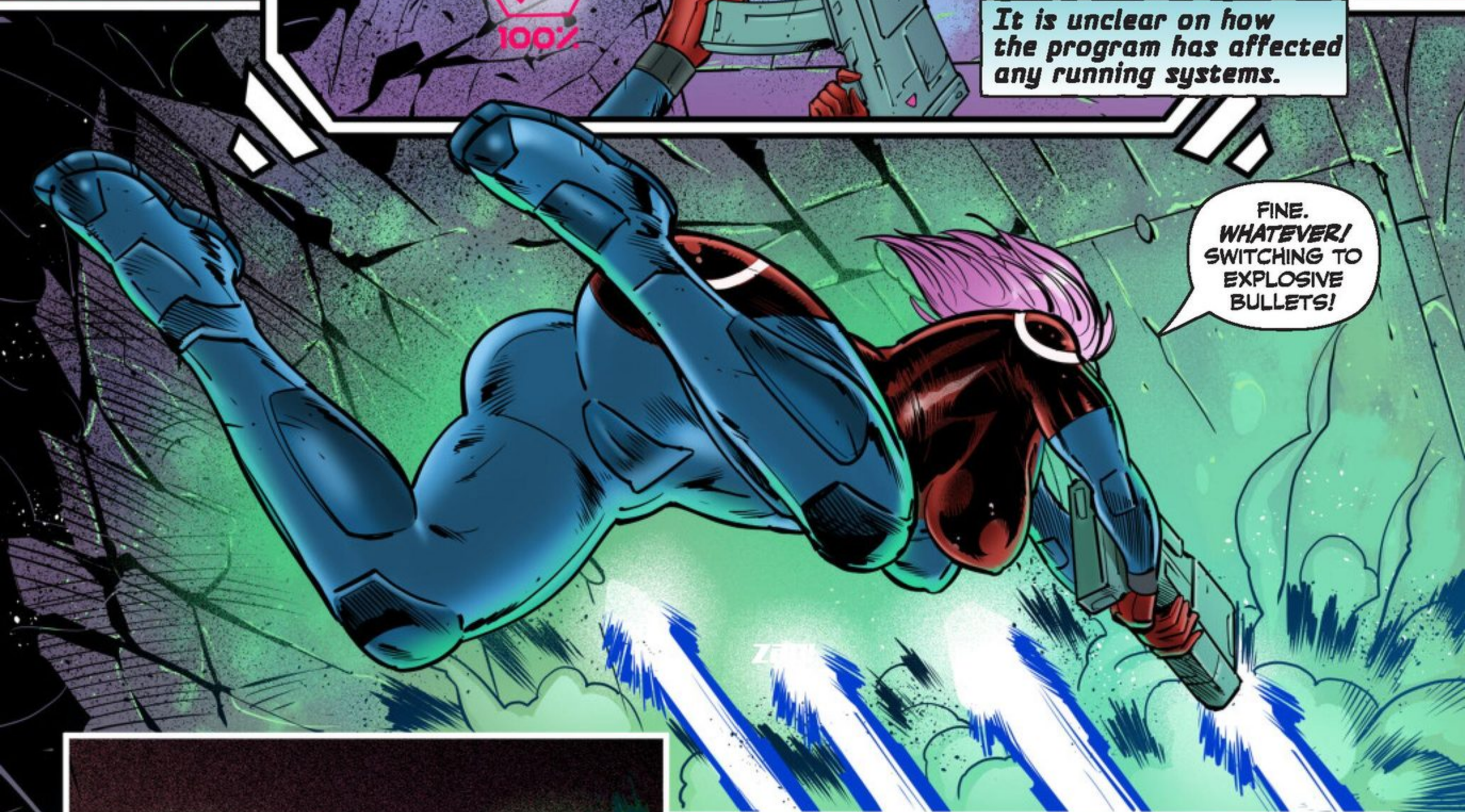
I don't
understand.

GAME LAB,
WAS THERE AN
UPDATE?

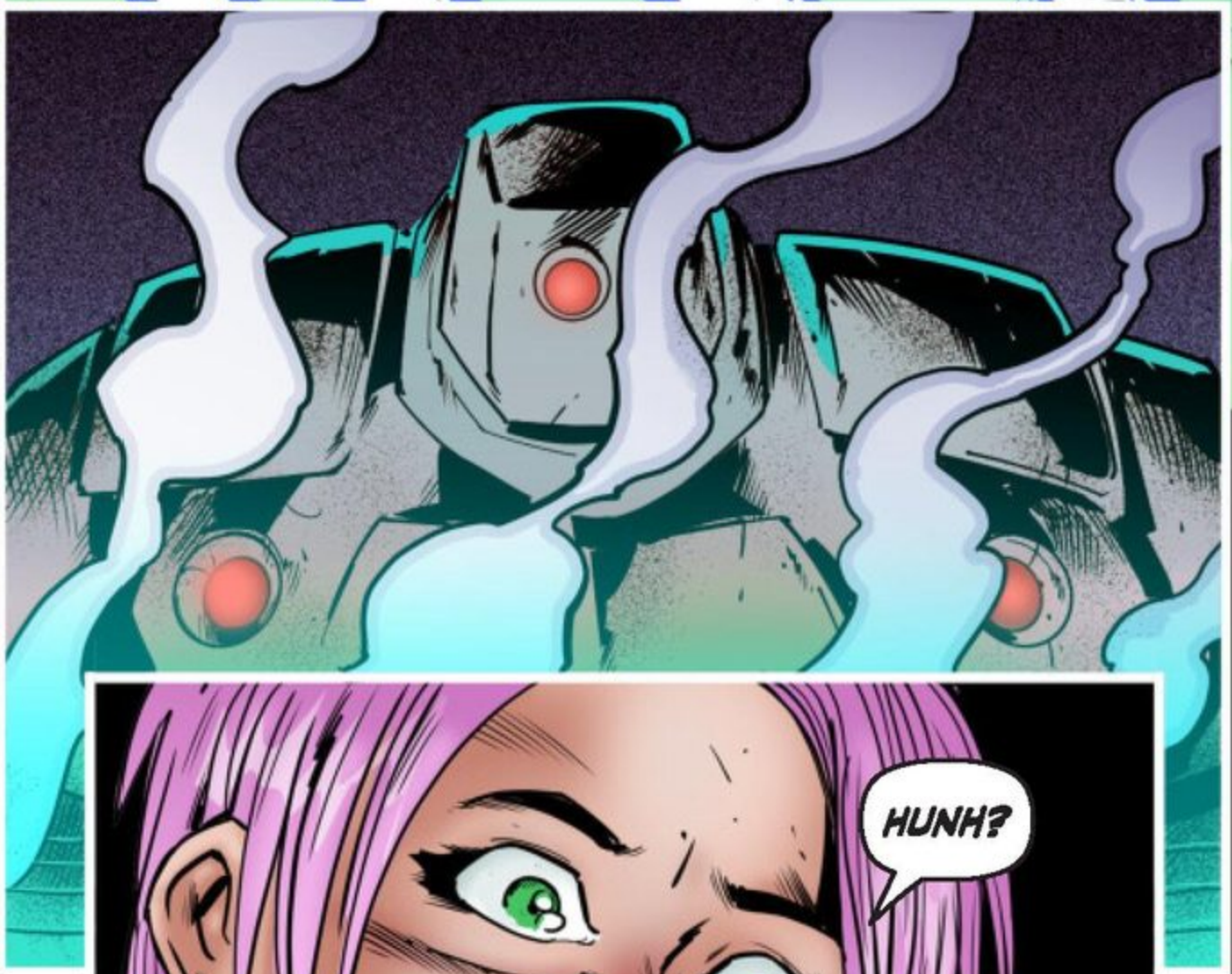
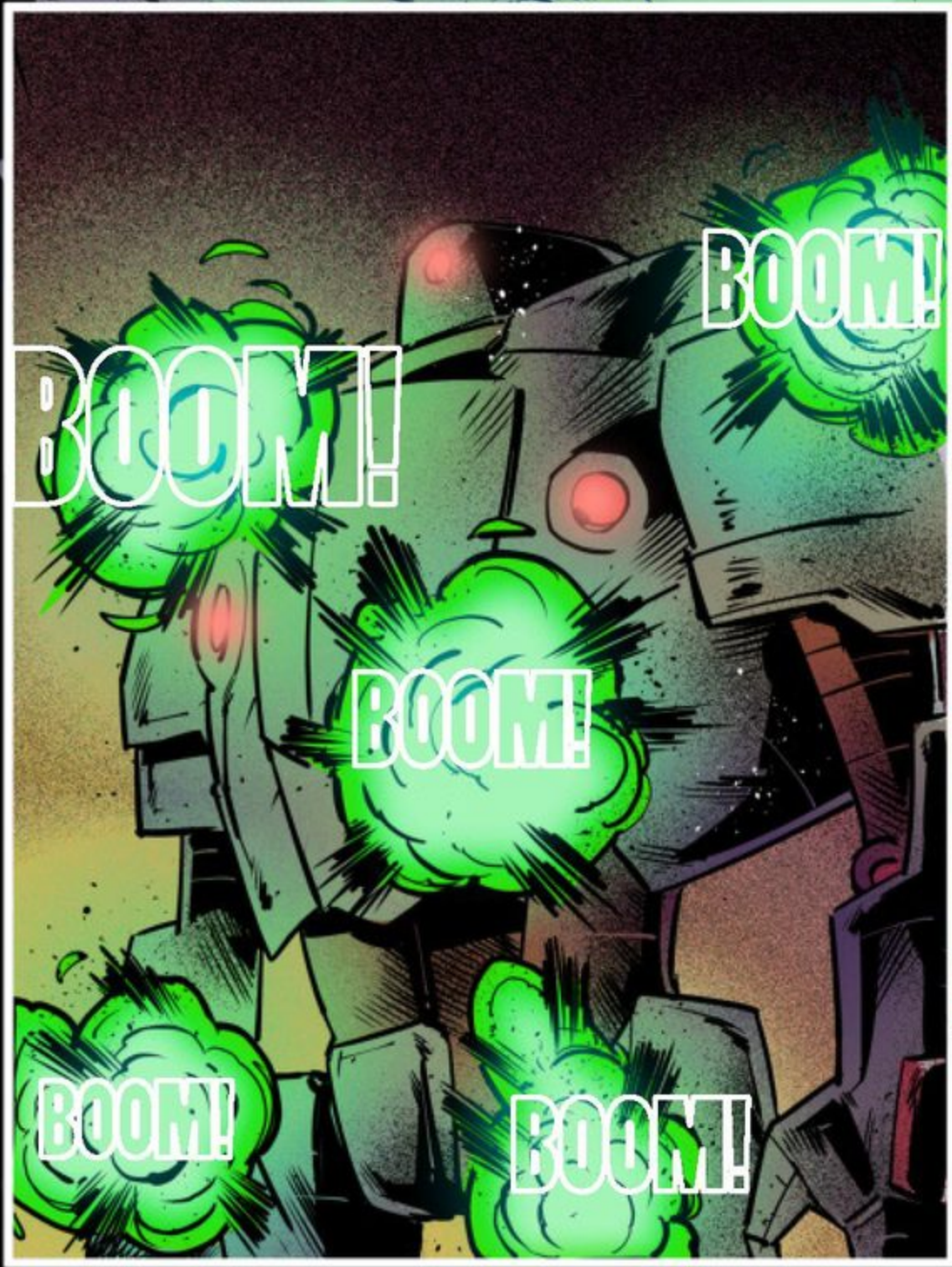
We've established
contact with earth.

An unknown program
was uploaded into the
facility's mainframe.

It is unclear on how
the program has affected
any running systems.



FINE.
WHATEVER!
SWITCHING TO
EXPLOSIVE
BULLETS!



HUNH?



SHE'S
IN THE GYM.
SHE'S IN THE
GYM A LOT.

SHE
THINKS I
DON'T LOVE
HER.

DO
YOU?



YES. BUT
IT DOESN'T
GET THROUGH
TO HER.



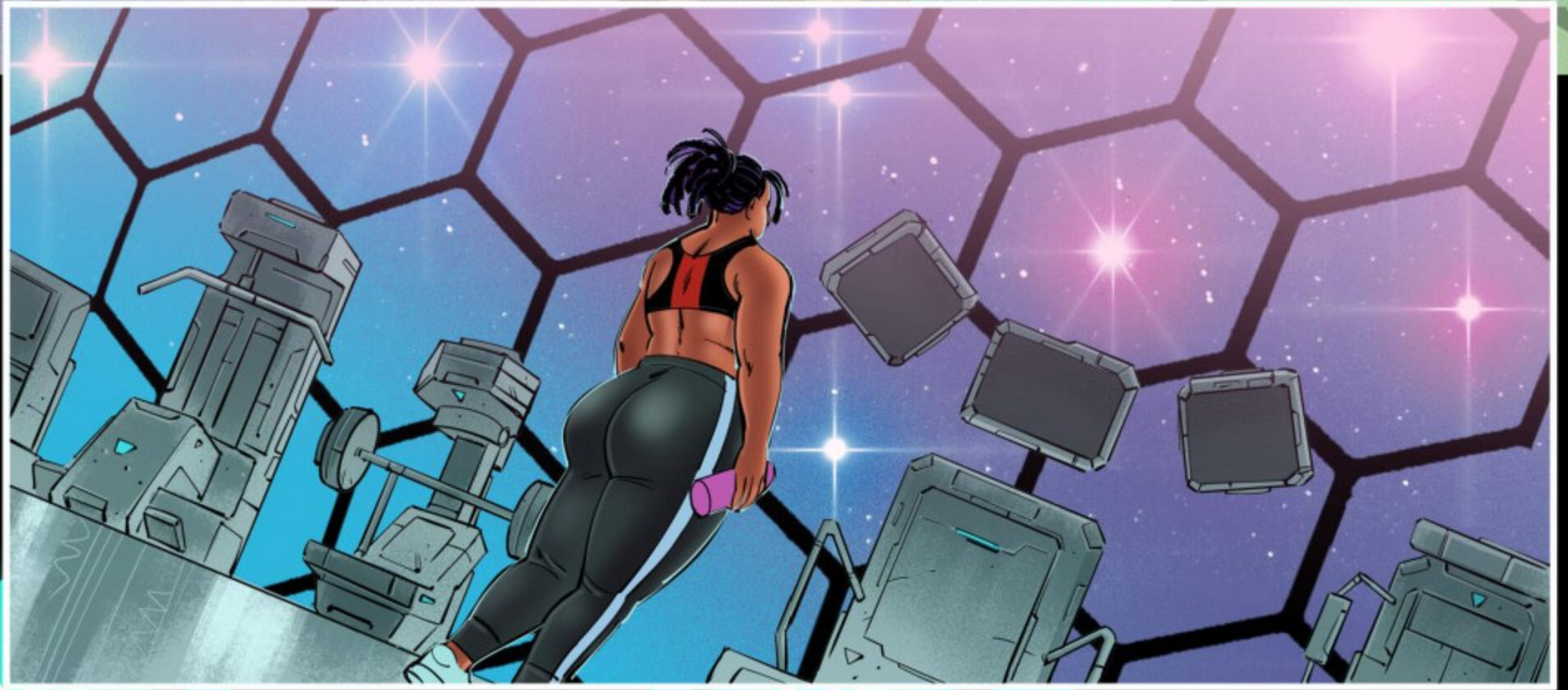
SHE SAYS
SHE'S GOTTEN
TOO HEAVY AND
THAT IT MATTERS
TO ME.

BUT IT
DOESN'T MATTER.
WHAT SHE FEELS LIKE...
WHAT SHE THINKS...

I *KNOW* WHAT
I FEEL FOR HER,
WHETHER SHE CHOOSES TO
SEE IT OR NOT. AND WE'RE
SO FAR FROM THE REST
OF THE UNIVERSE.

OUT HERE,
WE ARE ALL
WE HAVE.

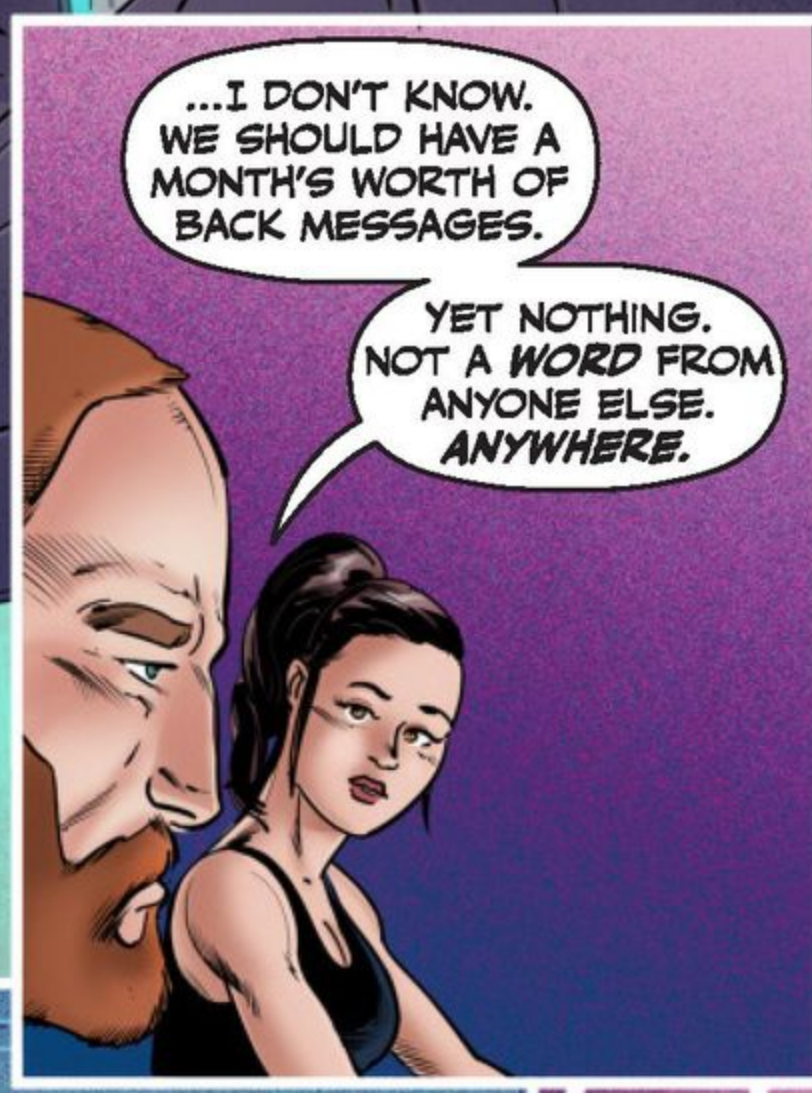






WE'VE REESTABLISHED THE CONNECTION FROM HOME, BUT WHY AREN'T WE RECEIVING ANYTHING ELSE AFTER THE INITIAL SIGNAL?

...JORDAN?



...I DON'T KNOW. WE SHOULD HAVE A MONTH'S WORTH OF BACK MESSAGES.

YET NOTHING. NOT A *WORD* FROM ANYONE ELSE. *ANYWHERE*.



I'M SURE IT'S NOTHING. EVERYTHING IS LIKELY DELAYED. WE NEED TO TAKE THIS AS A *GOOD* SIGN!

AT LEAST NOW WE KNOW IT'S *NOT* THE COMS.

GIVE IT TIME, SOMEONE WILL MAKE CONTACT AND THE MESSAGES WILL COME.



ANYWAY, I'M GOING TO GO GRAB LUNCH. SUNNY?

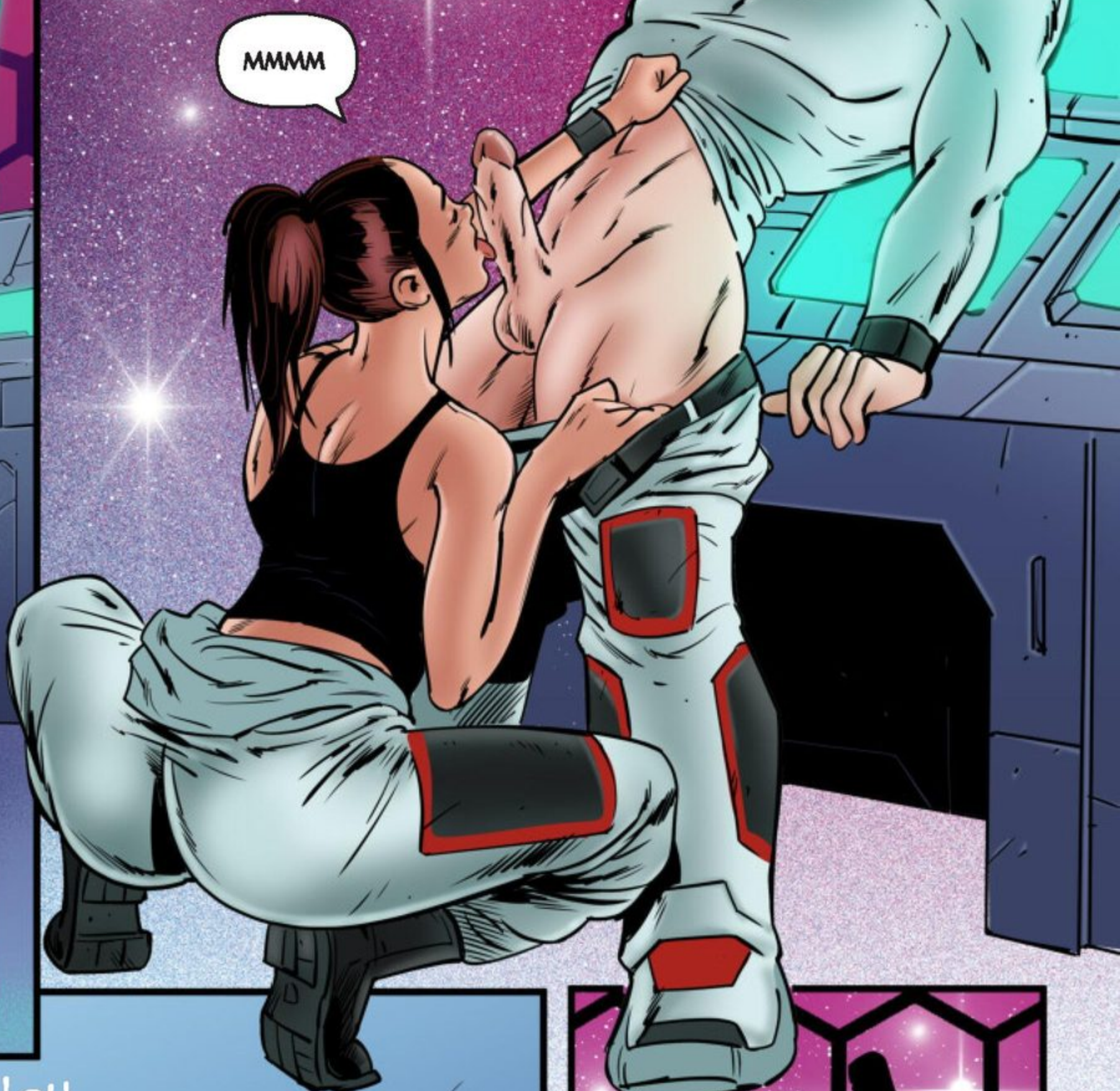
UM...NO, I'LL STICK AROUND HERE AND SEE IF I CAN FIND ANYTHING ELSE.

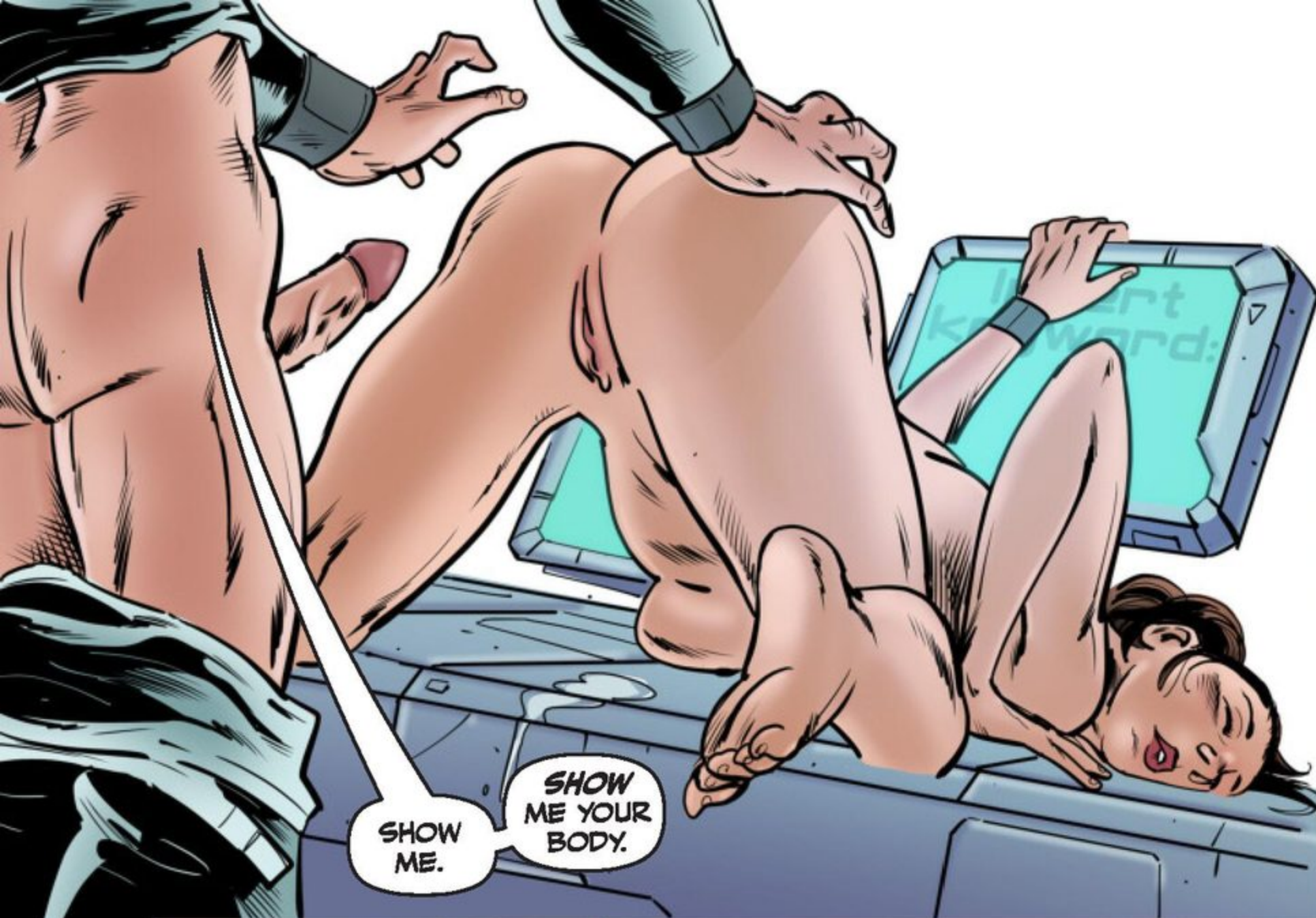


ALL RIGHT. KEEP AN EYE ON MY GIRL FOR ME, JORDAN!





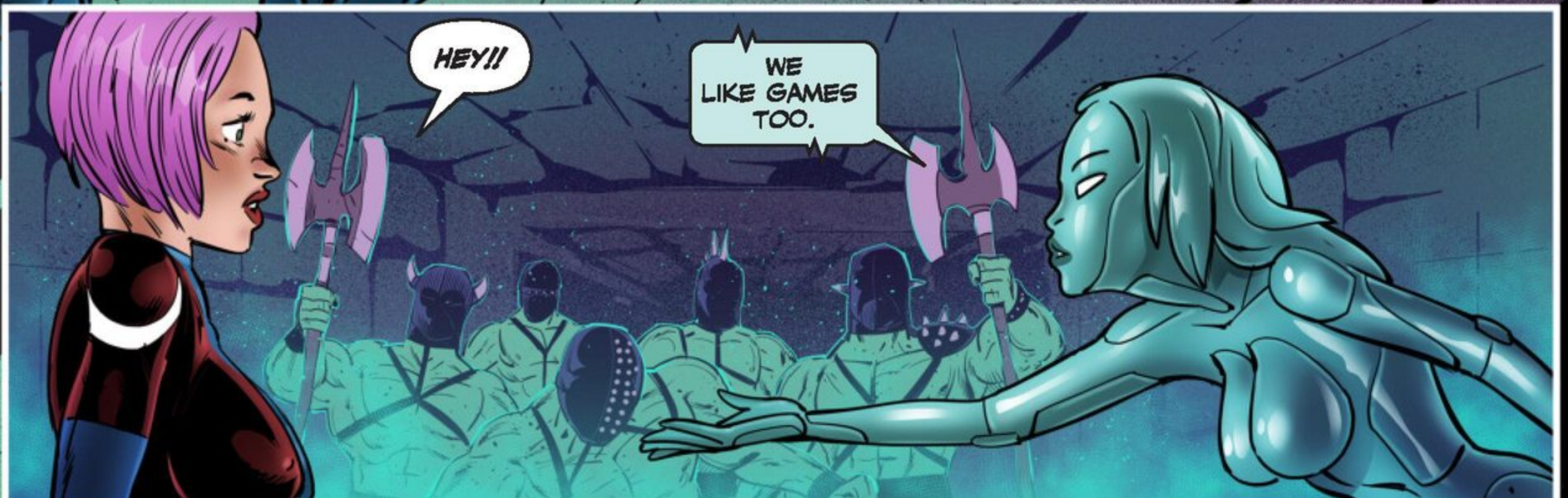
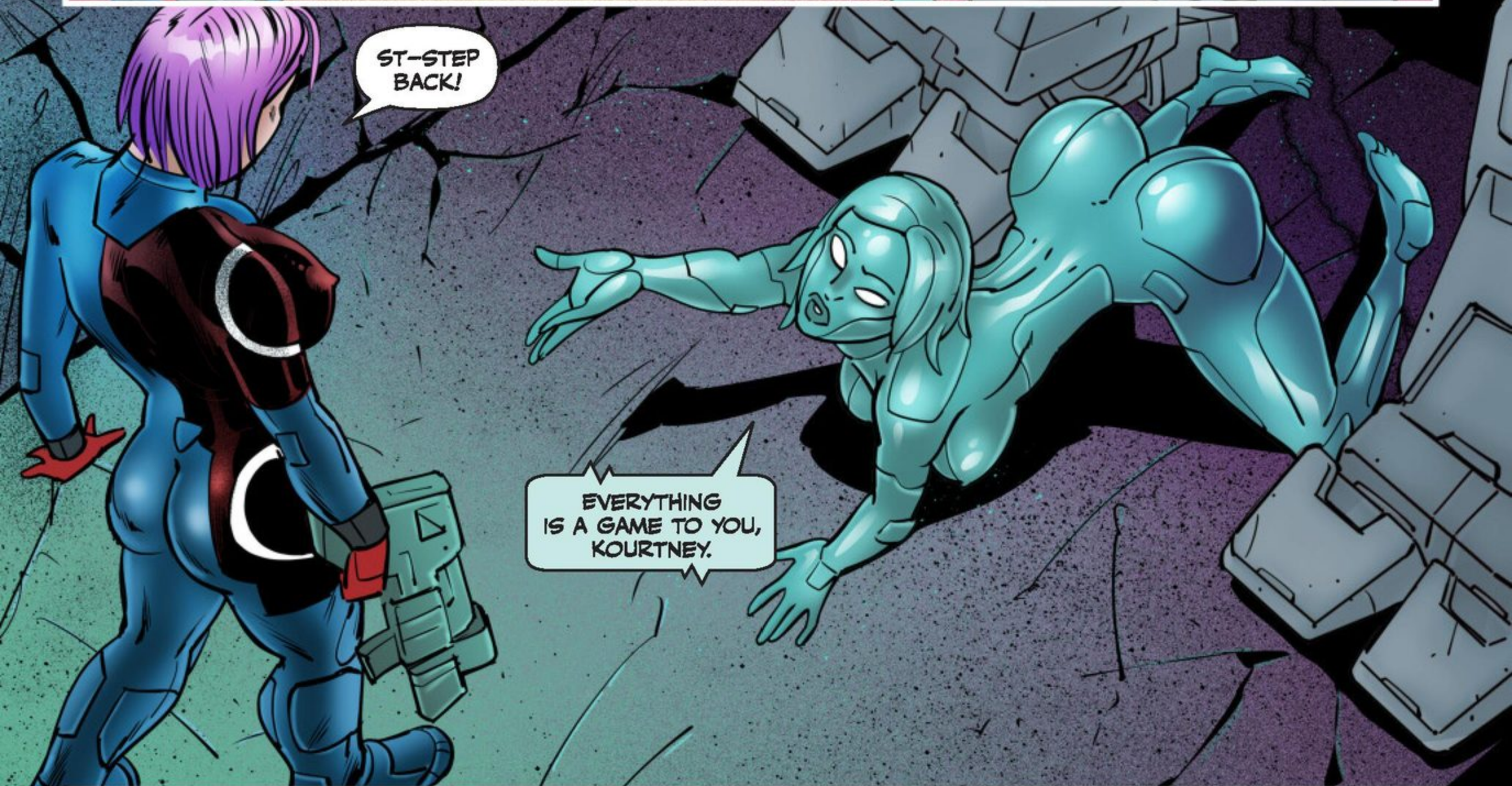
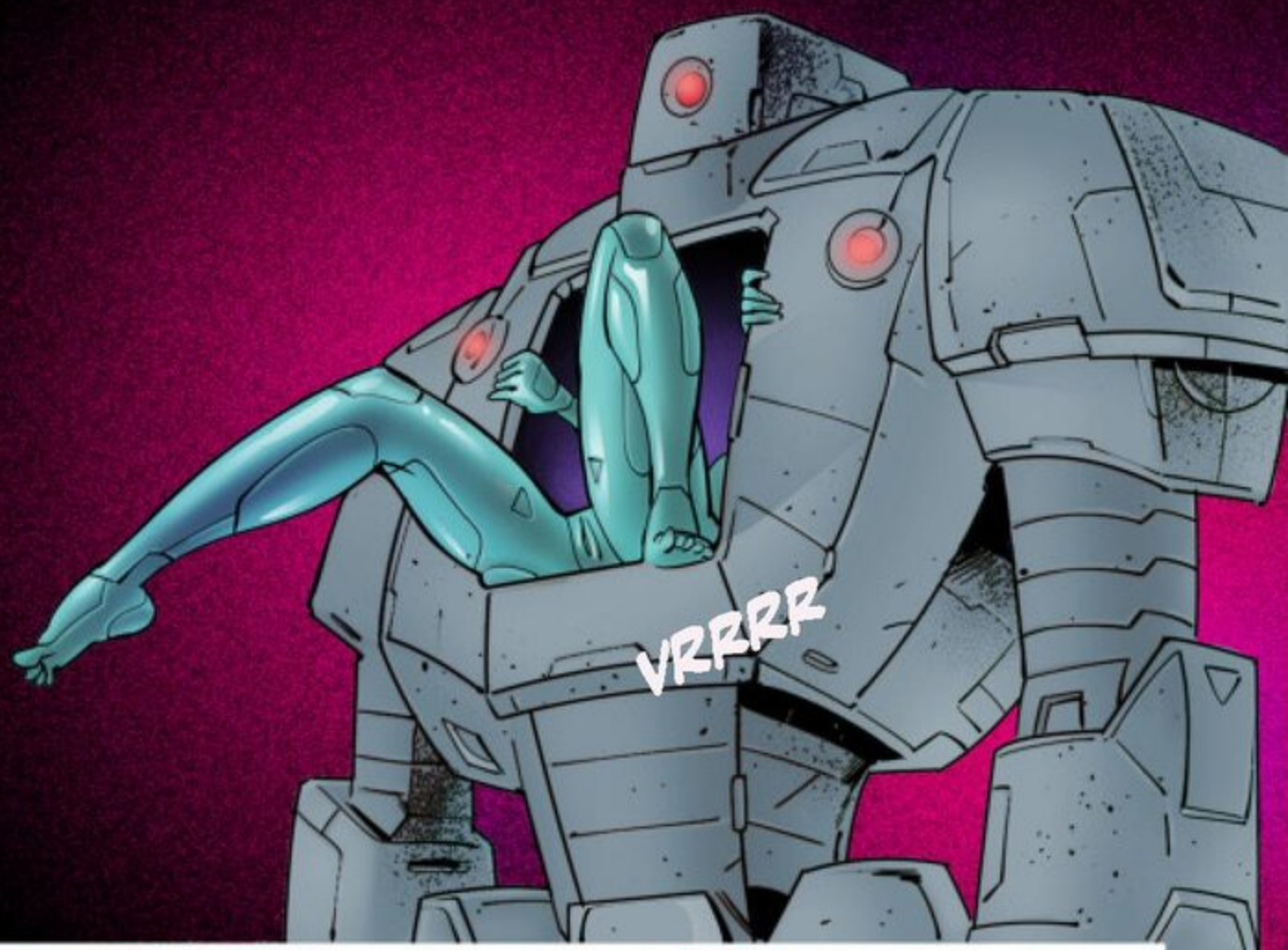
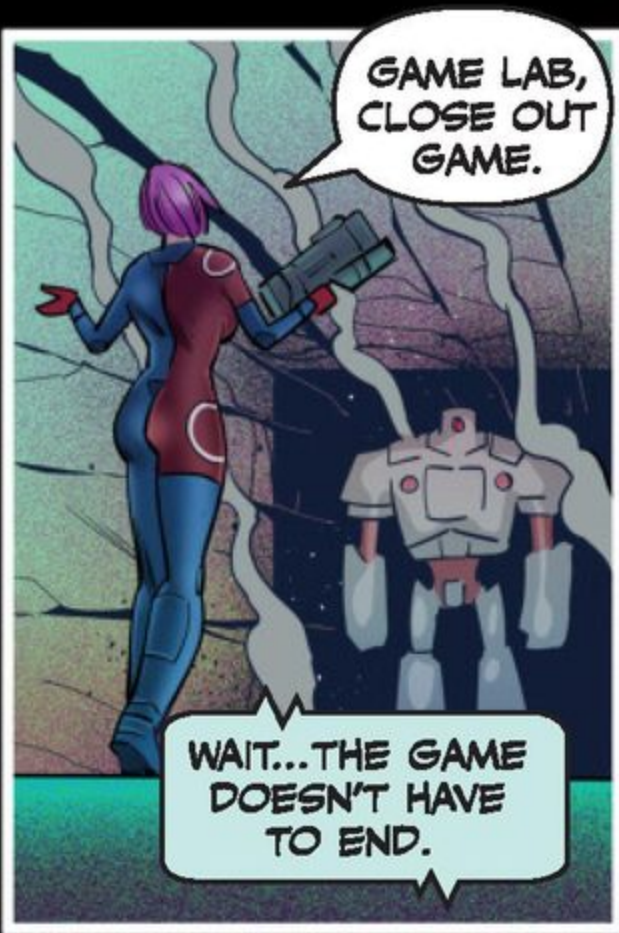


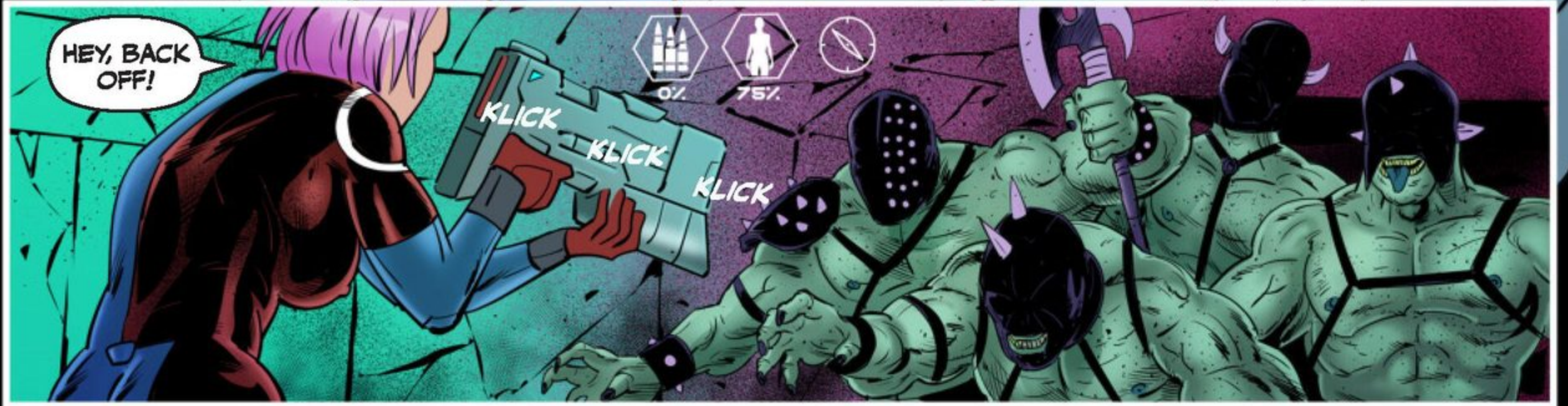


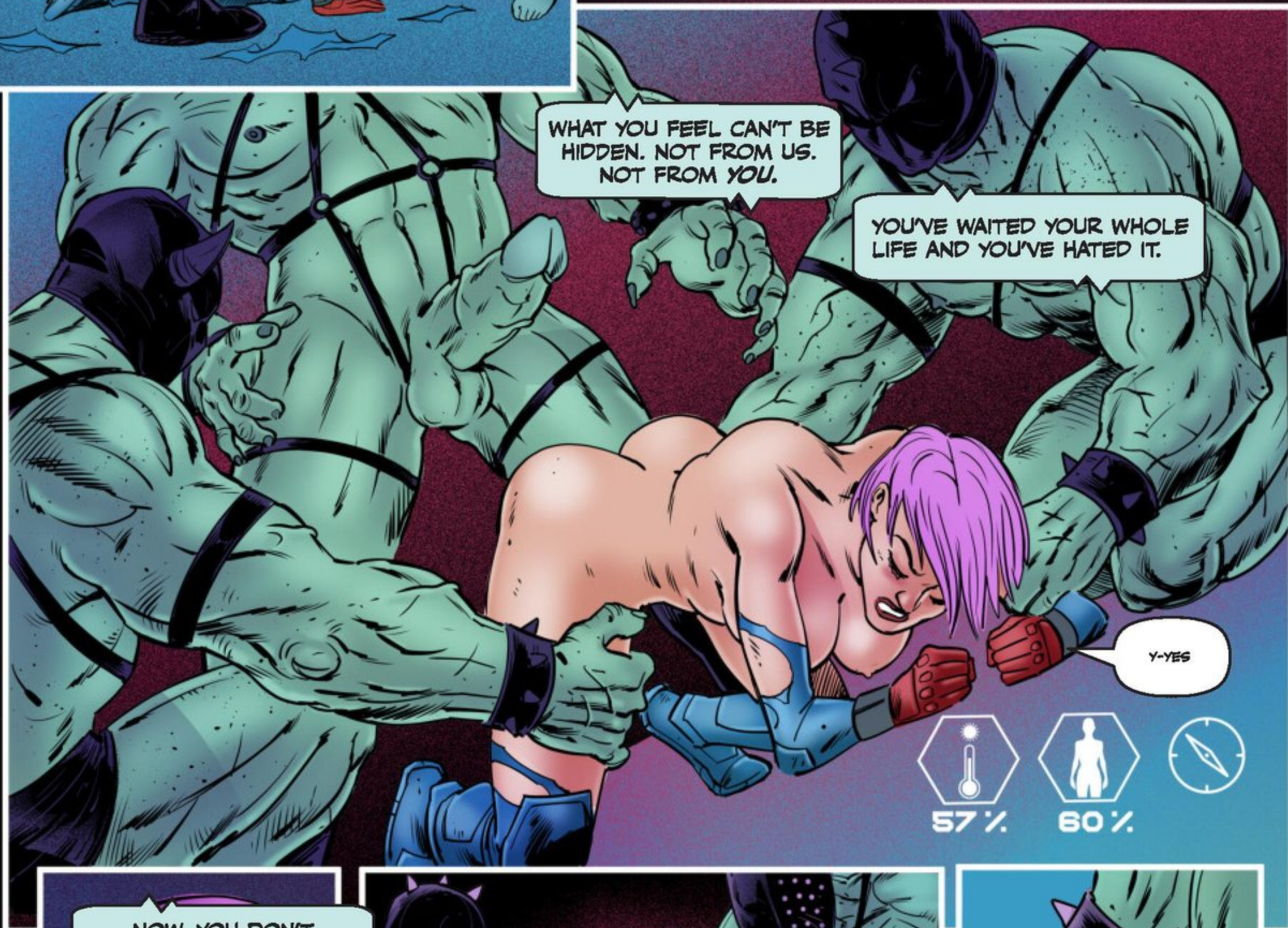
...FOR YOU
...YES!!

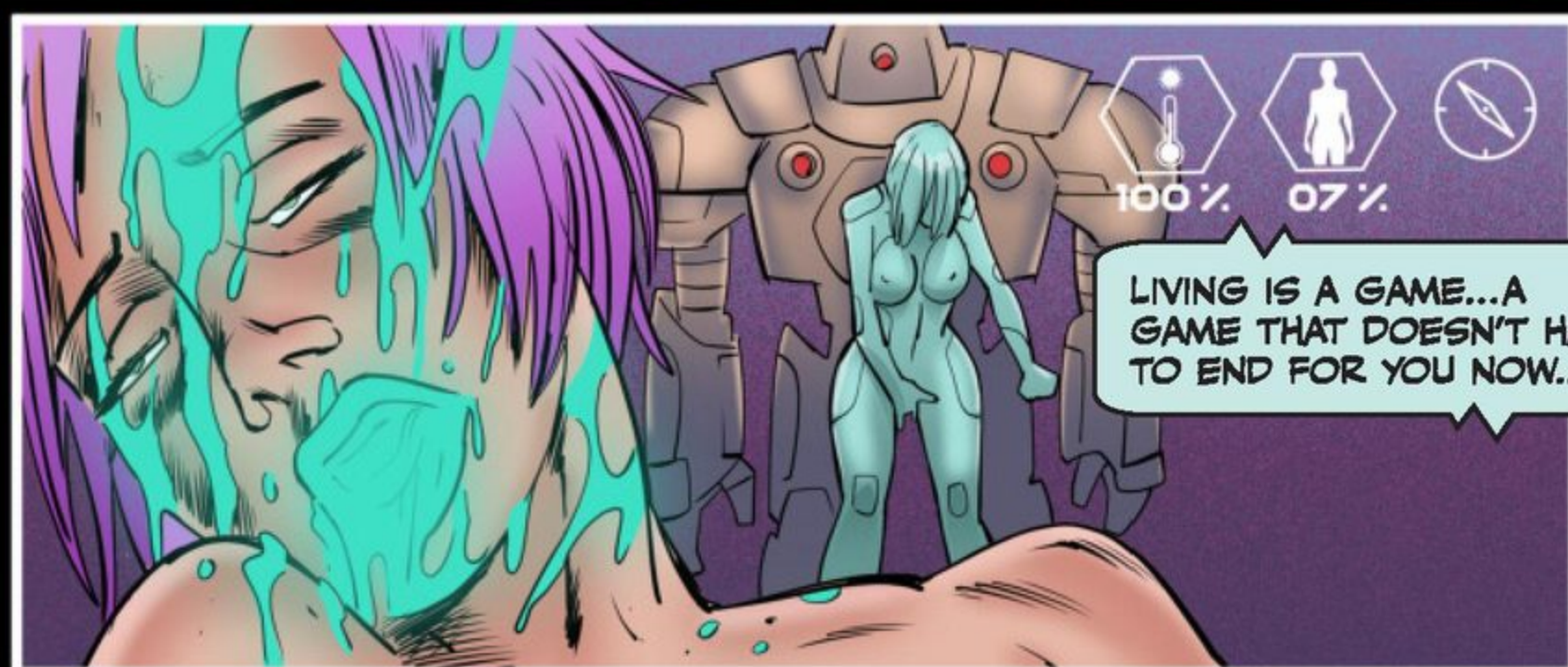
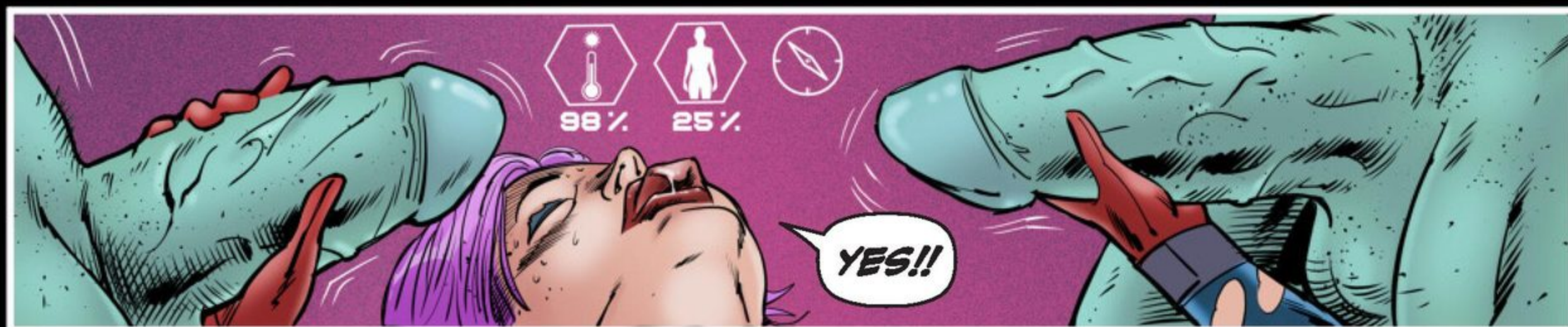
...JORD?

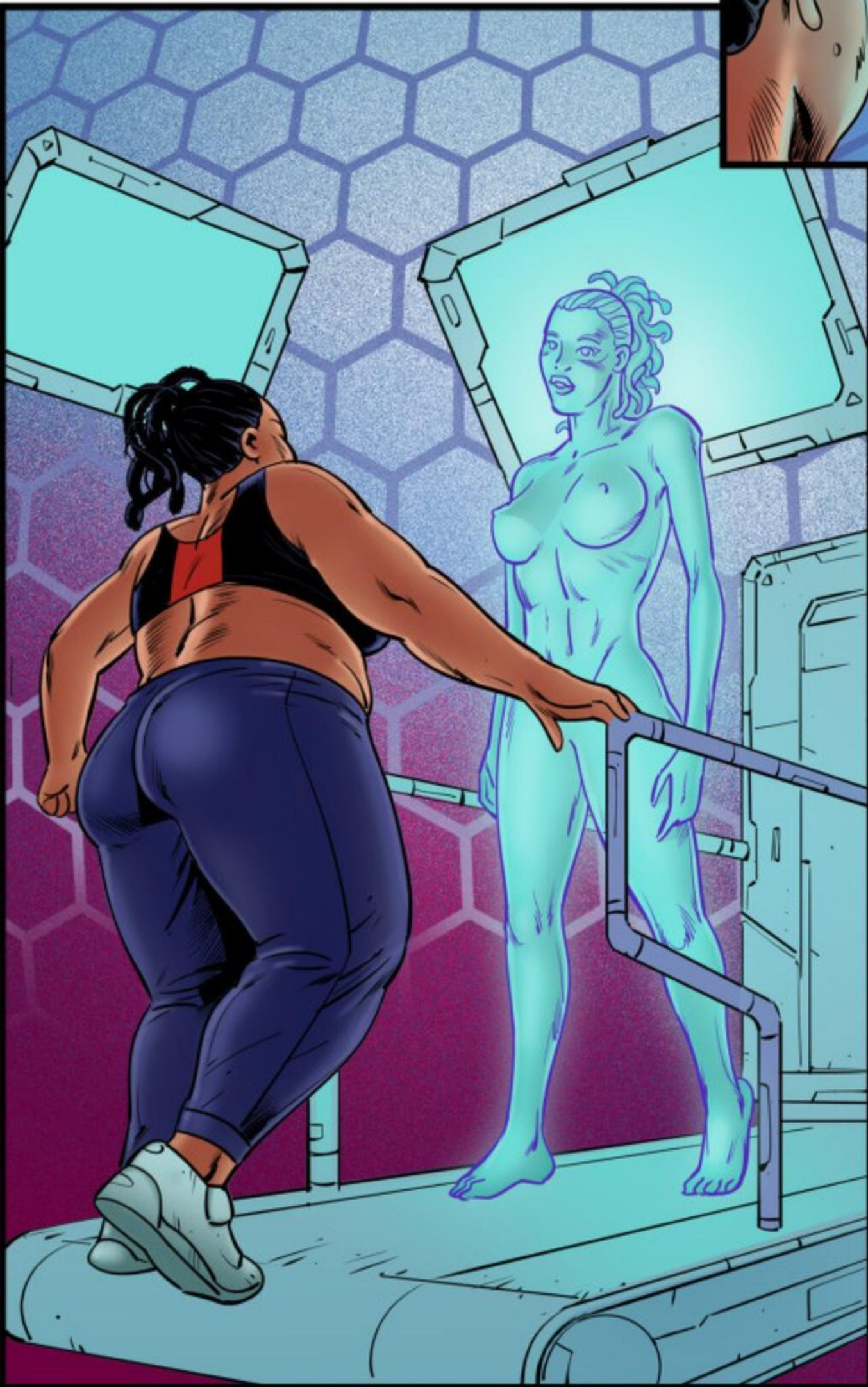
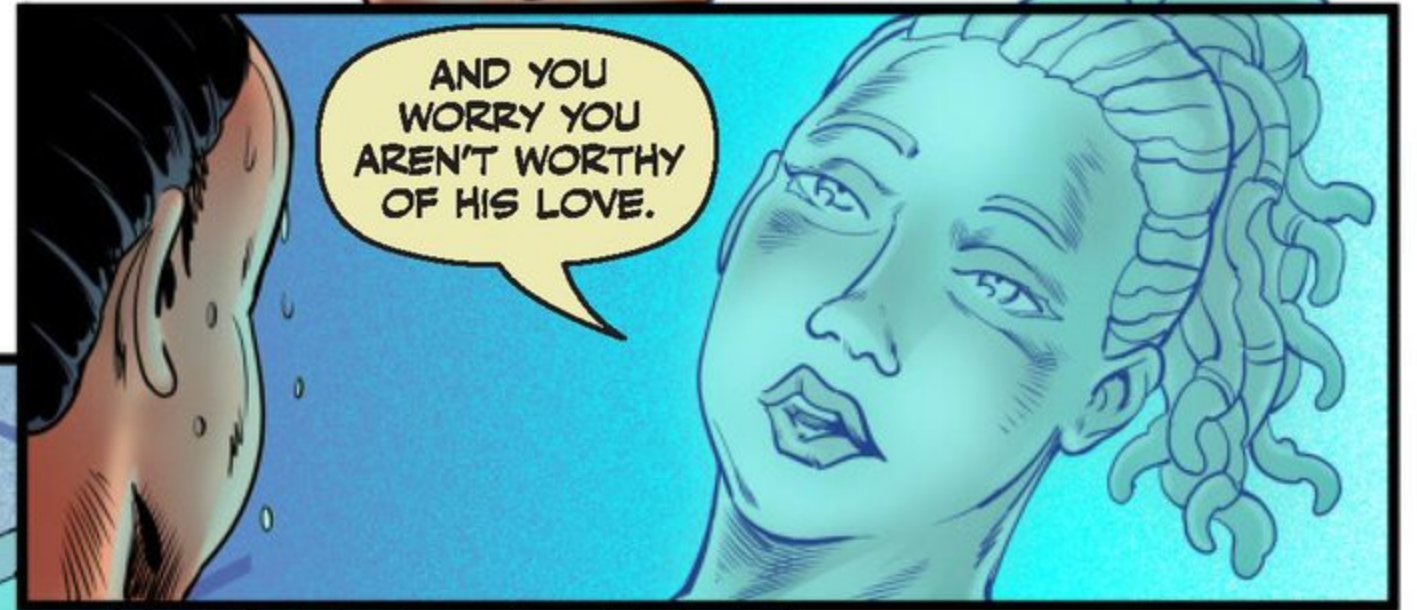














DON'T
YOU WANT
THIS?



DON'T
YOU WANT
ME?

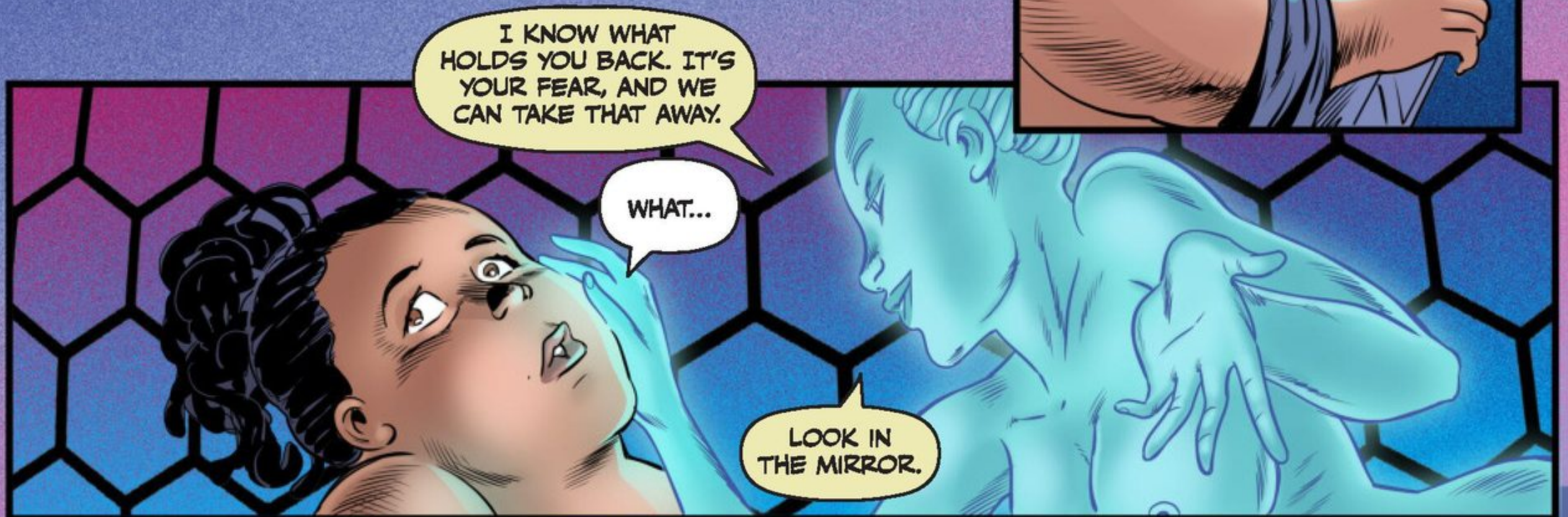
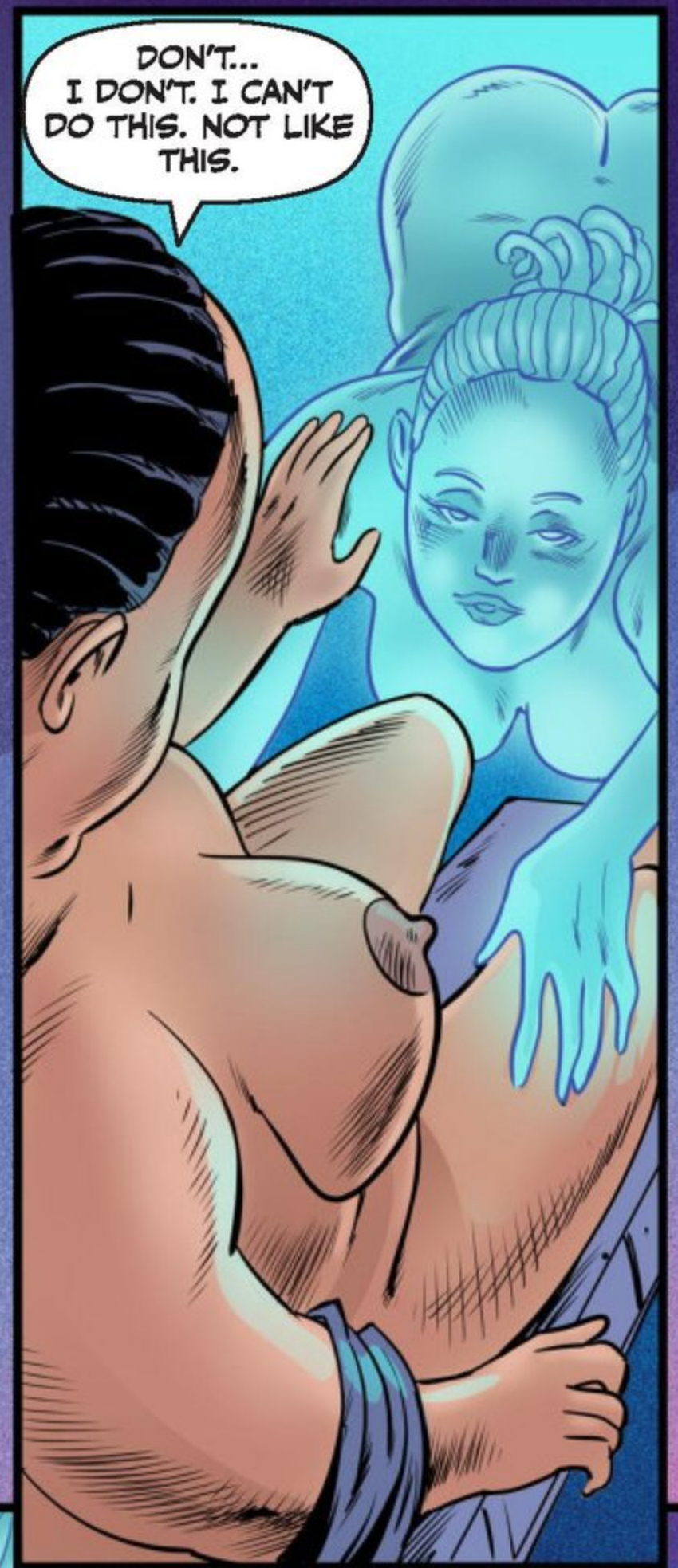


...

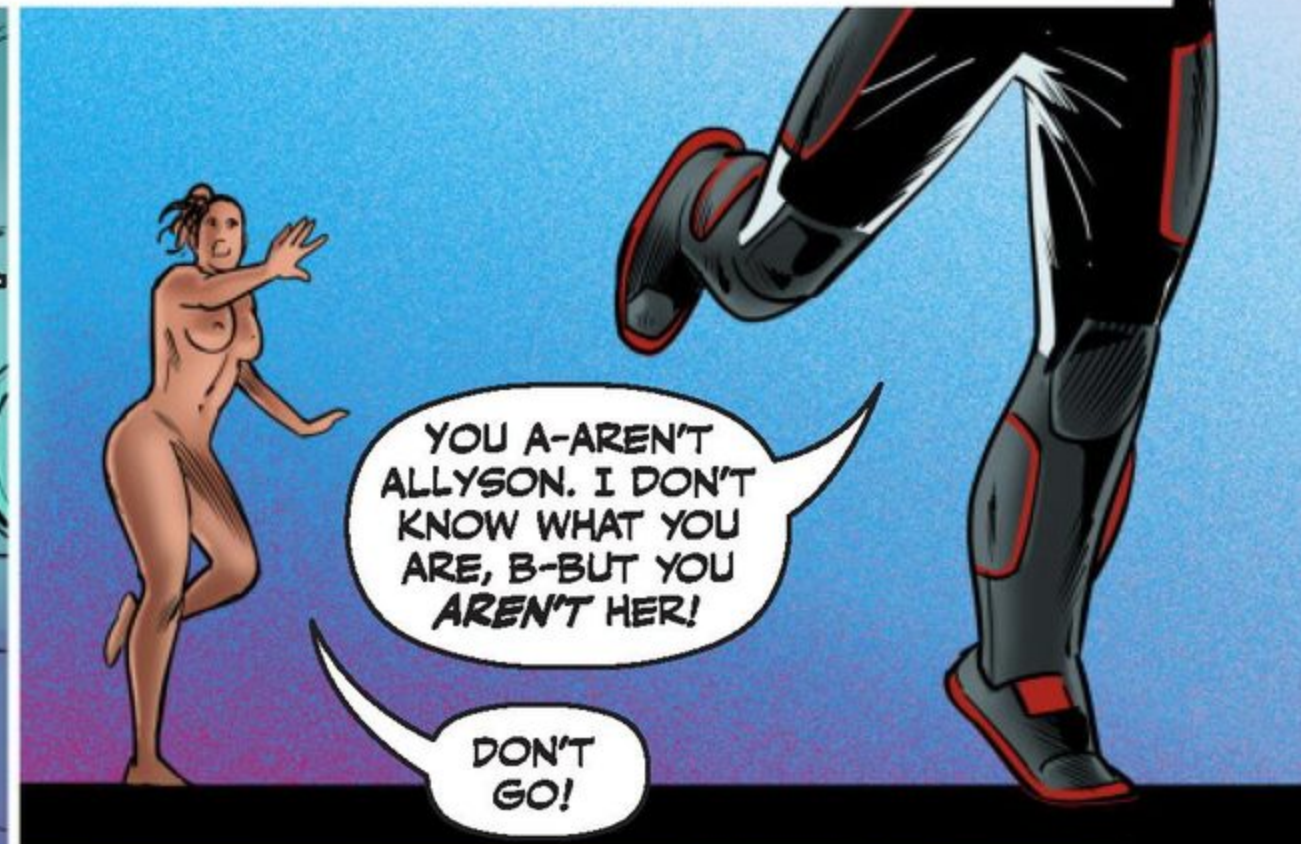


...MORE THAN
ANYTHING.

I BETTER
THAN ANYONE, KNOW
YOUR STRUGGLE. YOU
WORRY YOU AREN'T
WORTHY OF LOVE,
ALLYSON











AHH...
JORDAN!

CARE
TO JOIN
US?

N-NO.



WELL, IF
YOU CHANGE YOUR
MIND, YOU KNOW
MY DOOR IS
ALWAYS OPEN.

OH, AND
IF YOU FIND
ANNE, BRING
HER ALONG.



I KNOW SHE
WAS THINKING
ABOUT COUPLES
COUNSELING.

AND **NOTHING**
WOULD MAKE ME
HAPPIER THAN BRINGING
YOU TWO TOGETHER.
FOREVER.









YOU JUST
NEED TO LOOK
AROUND.



WAS
I NOT
ENOUGH?



ANNE, PLEASE!
COME BACK. I
LOVE YOU.

IF I WAS
MORE... WOULD
YOU HAVE STAYED
TRUE?



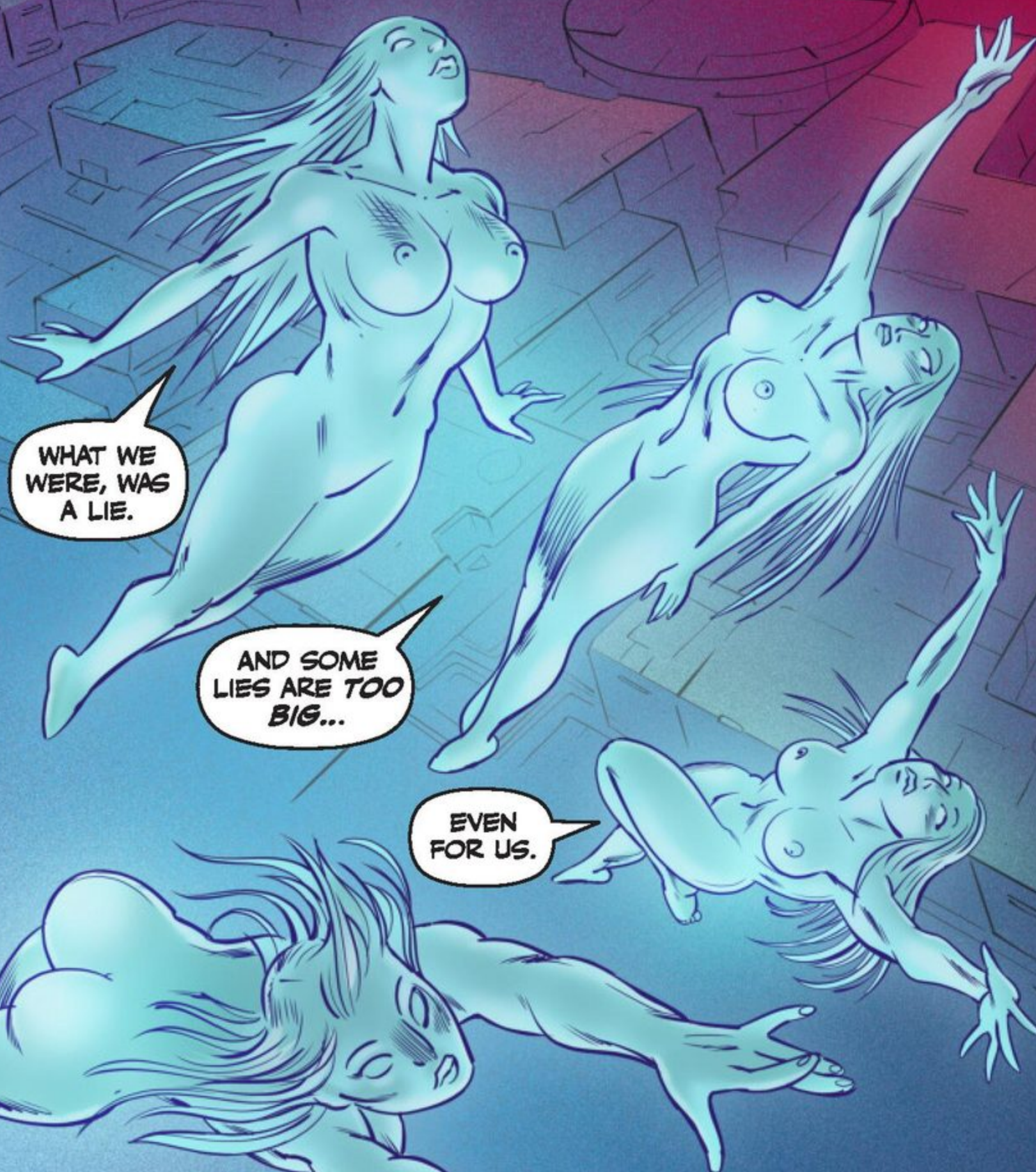
I-I
DON'T WANT
TO LIVE WITHOUT
YOU.

THERE
IS MORE TO
ME NOW.

IS
THAT WHAT
IT TAKES?



YOU WERE ENOUGH!
I WASN'T! I WANT
WHAT WE WERE.



WHAT WE WERE, WAS
A LIE.

AND SOME LIES ARE TOO
BIG...

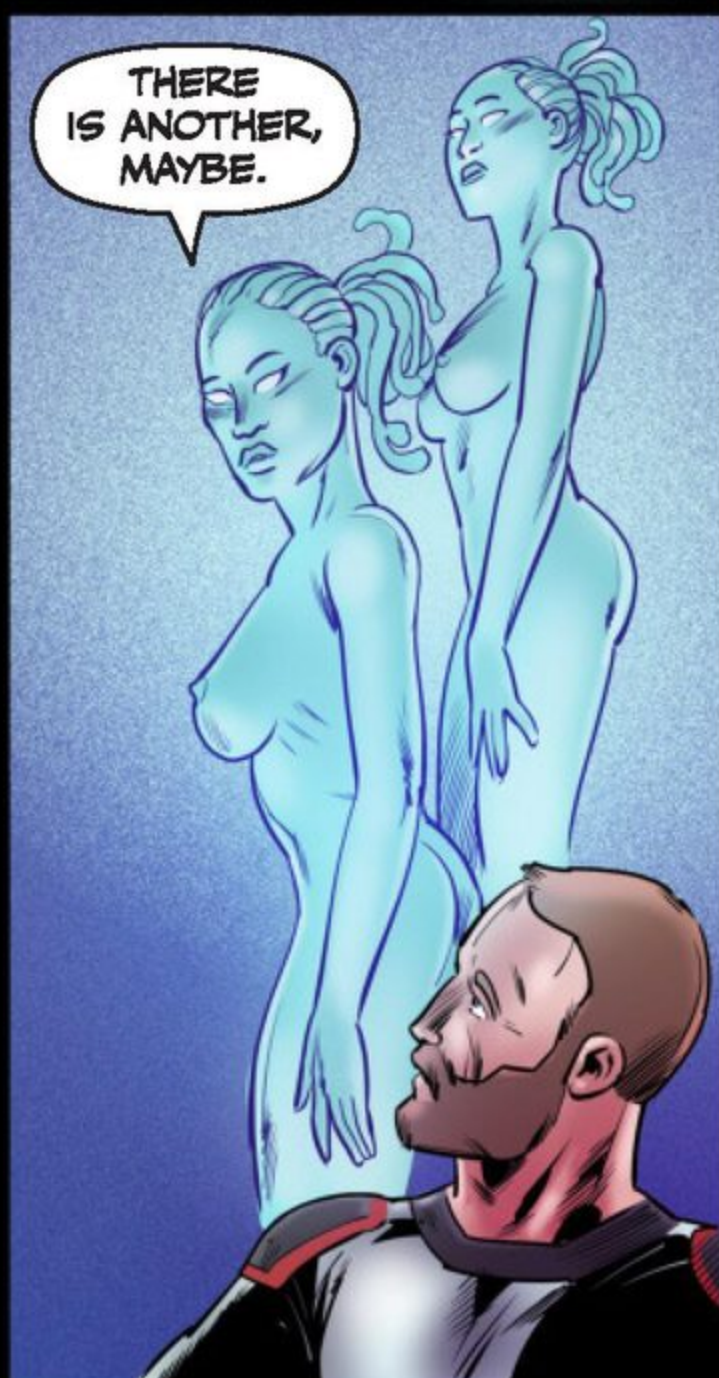
EVEN
FOR US.



WAIT...
WAIT!!



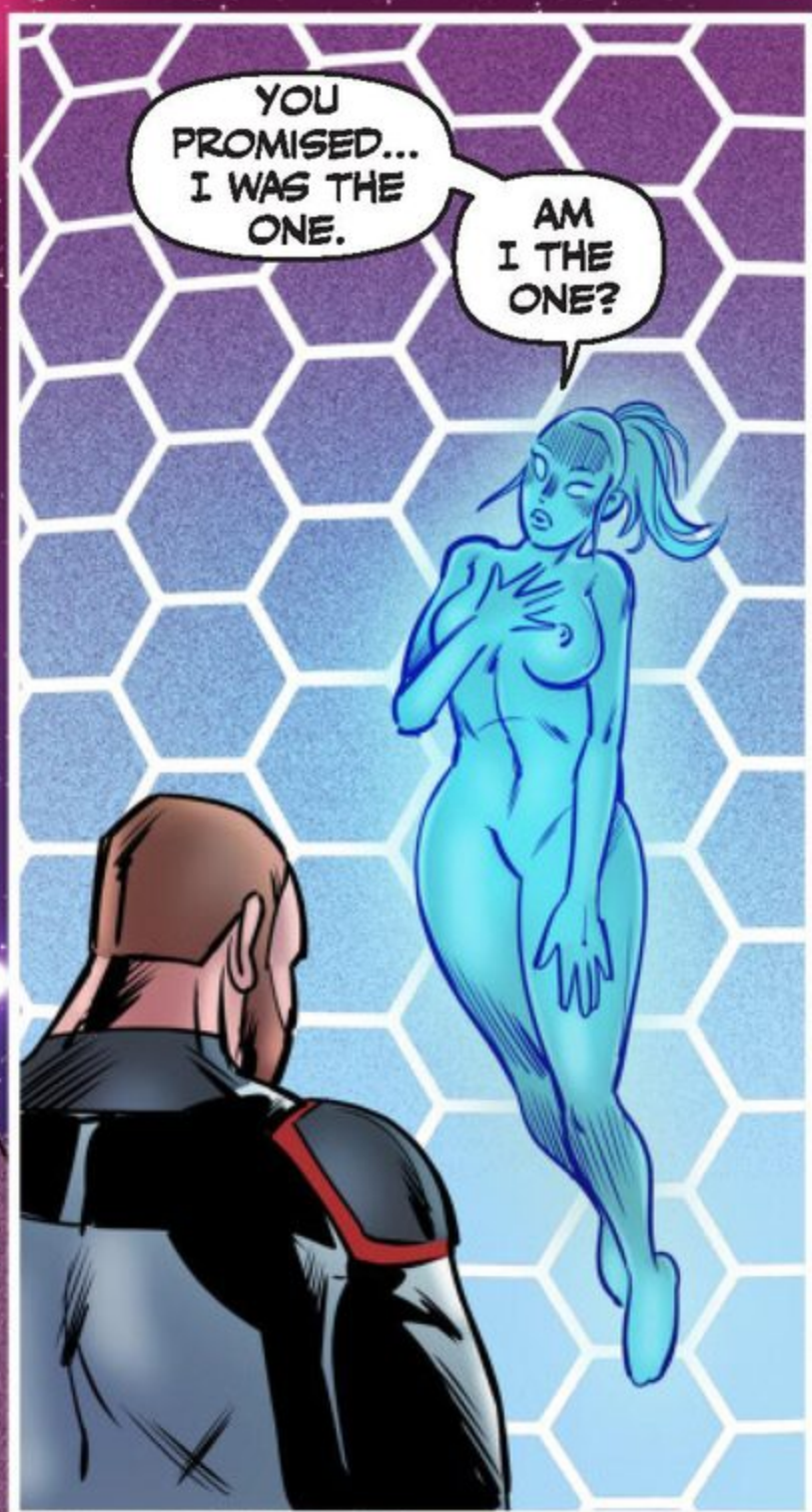
ALLYSON,
WHY WON'T ANNE
TAKE ME?



THERE
IS ANOTHER,
MAYBE.



SUNNY...
ARE YOU HERE
FOR ME?







A-ARE YOU
HERE FOR ME?
CAN I COME
WITH YOU?



THE GUILT, IT'S
HOLLOWED YOU. LEFT
YOU EMPTY, AND THERE'S
SO *LITTLE* LEFT OF
YOU. STILL...



WE
WILL TAKE
YOU.



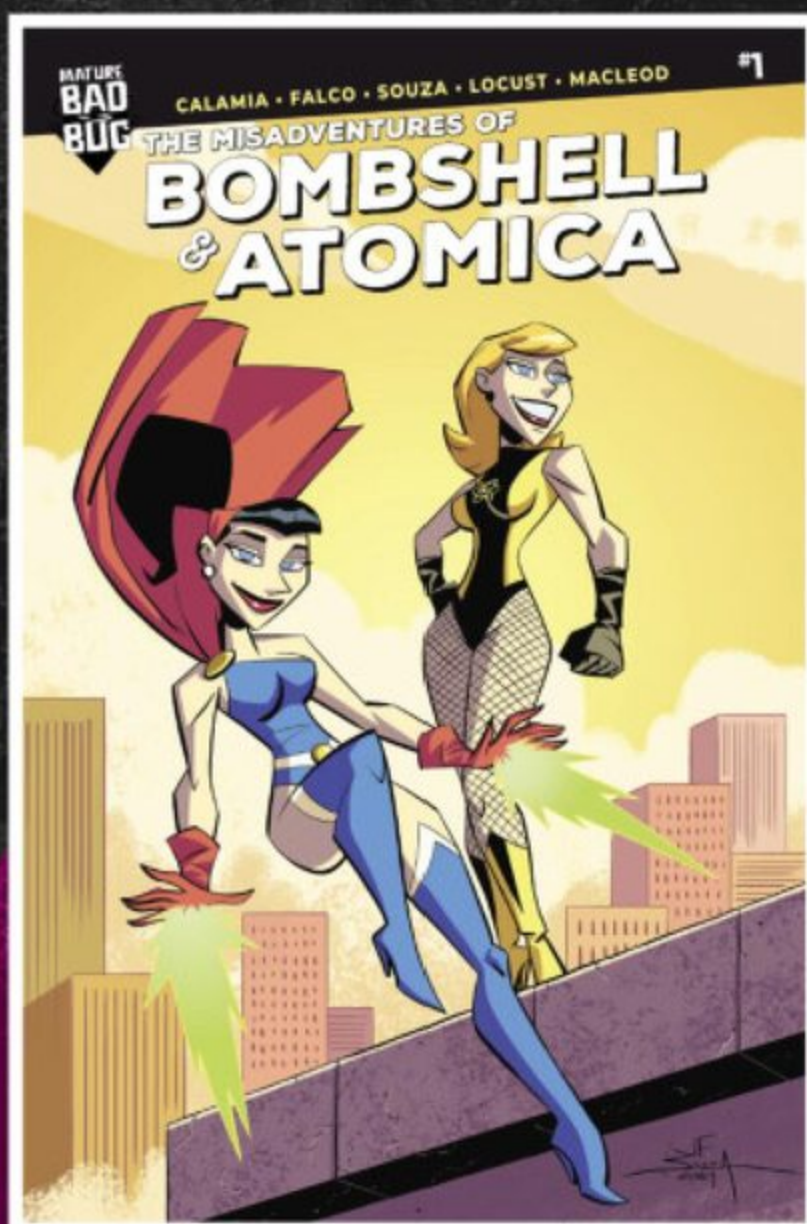
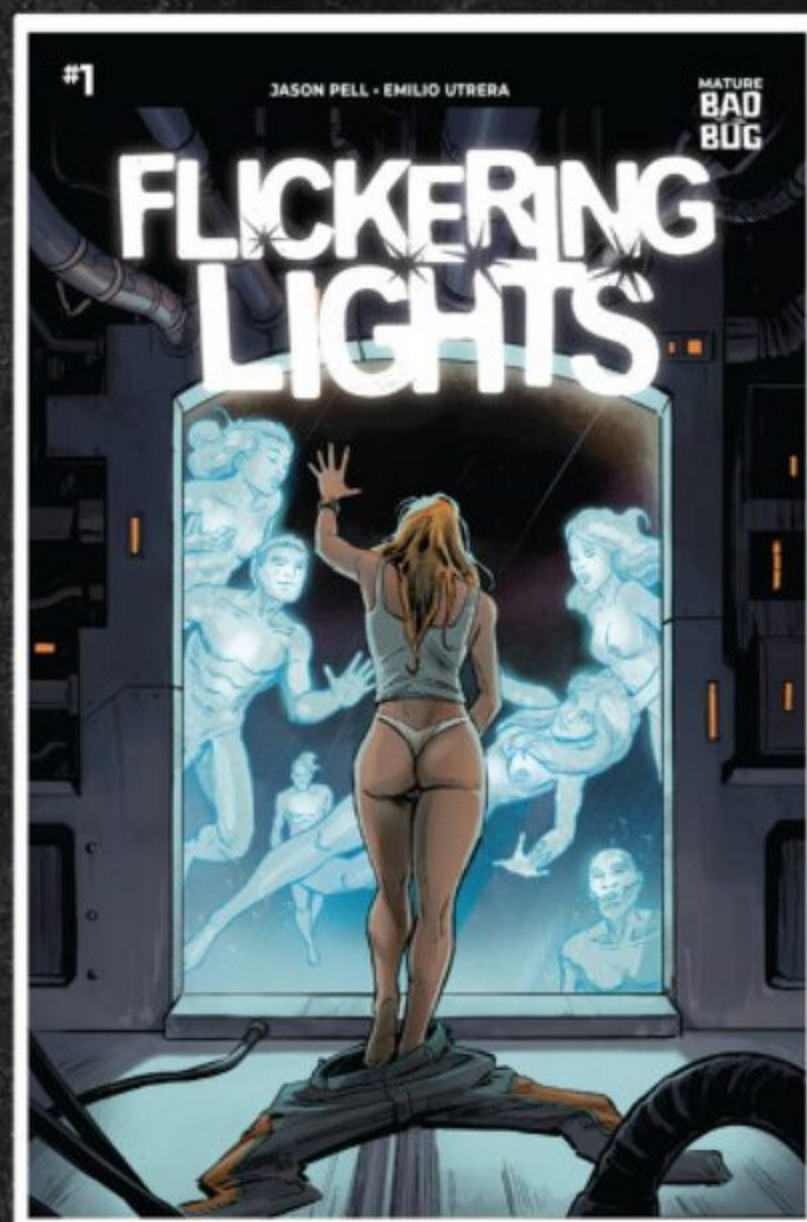
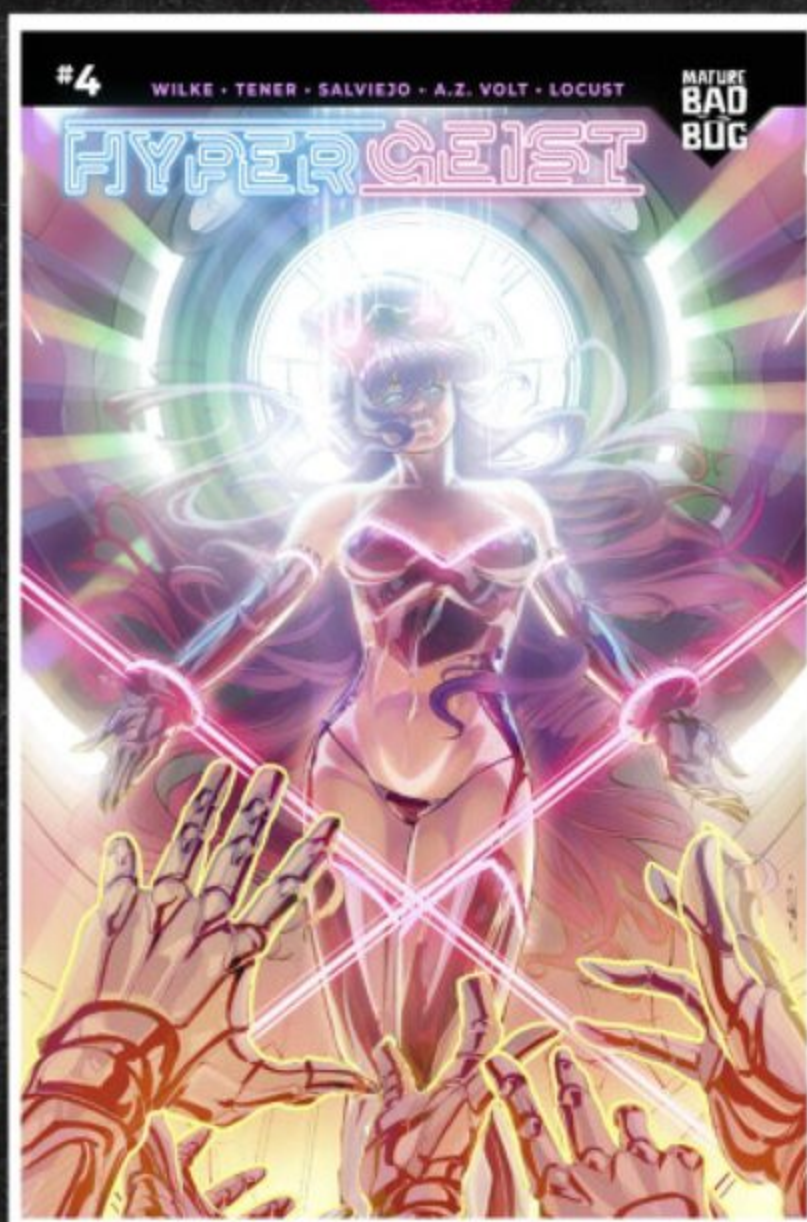
YOU'LL NEVER
HAVE TO OPEN YOUR
EYES, AND SEE WHAT
YOU'VE BECOME.



END

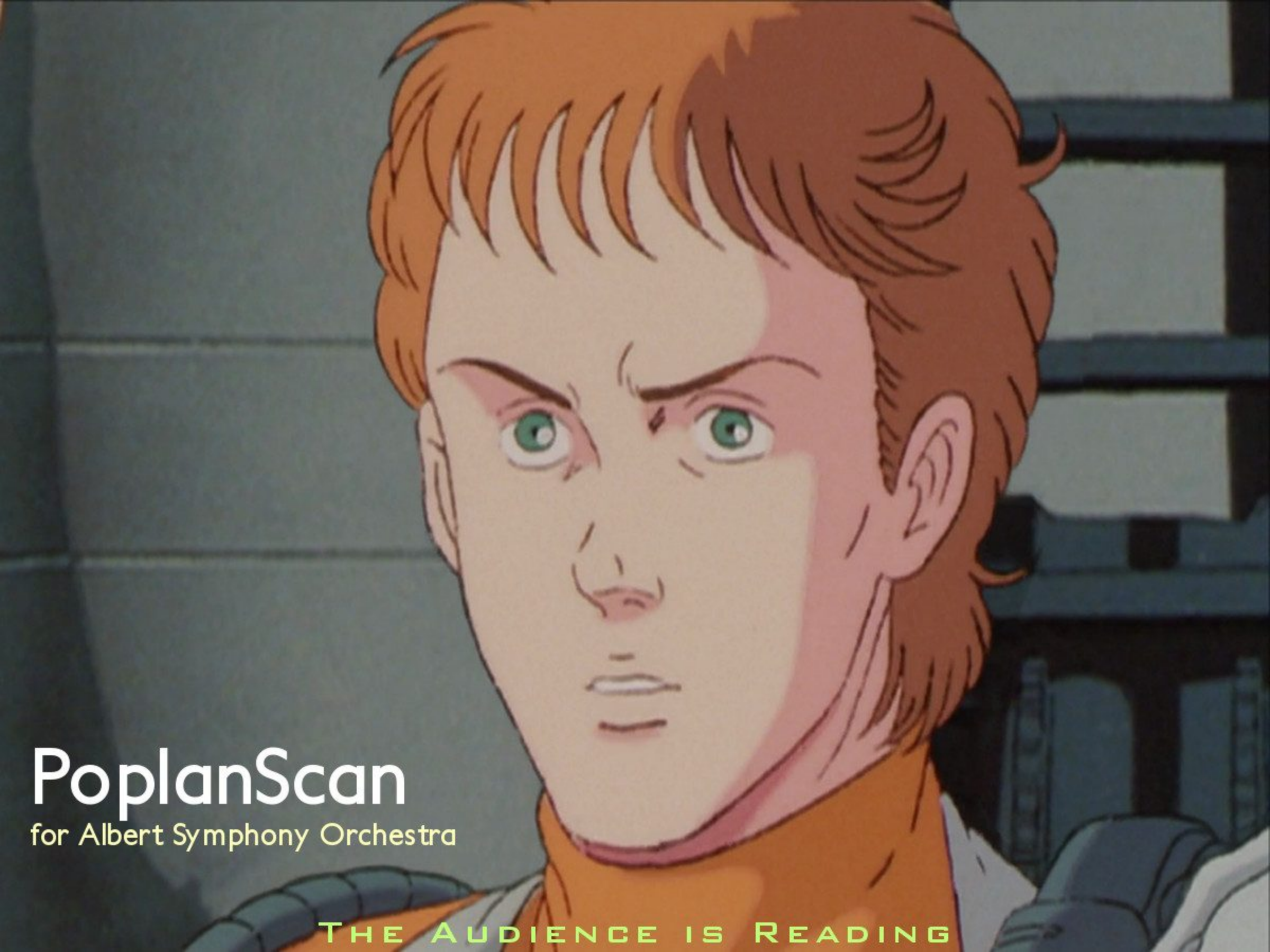
BAD BUG

FOR A GOOD TIME, GO TO
WWW.BADBUGMEDIA.COM



BAO
BIG





PoplanScan

for Albert Symphony Orchestra

THE AUDIENCE IS READING